

THE CAMBRIDGE UNION (Illustrated). By Sir Geoffrey Butler, K.B.E.  
LIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY AND NATURAL HISTORY (Illus.). By Oswald J. Wilkinson.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19th, 1921.

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THE COUNTESS OF LICHFIELD.

*From the painting by Mrs. Blakeney Ward, in the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, at the Royal Academy.*



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## EDITORIAL NOTICE

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## The American Disarmament Proposal

MR. HUGHES has startled and astonished two continents with his forthright proposal to begin the work of disarmament at once. Evidently, the American Ambassador in London spoke with knowledge when he urged the suitability of the motto "The way to disarm is to disarm." At the Conference Mr. Hughes enlarged this epigram into an essay, but added nothing against its spirit. It remains to be seen how far other nations are prepared to follow the lead of America. There is no difference of opinion in regard to the object in view. No sane man would, in the abstract, obstruct any movement meant to avoid war. He knows that a fight between two nations is, in the best circumstances, a great misfortune. It involves loss to many and wounds or death to a number who only become implicated in the quarrel because of living in one of the belligerent countries. They would not go to war if they had their own will, but such a quarrel is a cause in which patriotism and honour oblige them to take a share. They recognise that a moment comes when a man has to fight "for my country right or wrong." It would never do to argue about the matter after the sword is drawn, because while one country was engaged in settling things by words the other would be greatly tempted to

bring its forces into employment. At the same time, many who have fought most bravely in the field have, in their heart of hearts, regretted the necessity of war, and probably would take any reasonable means of avoiding it. Thus there is always a predisposition in favour of peace. Since the last war that feeling has waxed enormously in strength, mainly because of the terrible instruments of destruction which were invented during the conflict, some of them so late that they were not brought into operation. War has become far more deadly and destructive than it was in the old time. Without either crediting or discrediting the extraordinary stories floating about just now about the destructive power of new explosives and gases, it can be confidently asserted that a new war, were it to be waged, would be to some extent a war of extermination. It would be one of people against people, and it would inflict greater injury than human society could sustain. These are considerations which are bound to make the men of every country give careful consideration to proposals which naturally startled them at the first hearing.

The danger of war occurring is ever pressing. No one is wholly satisfied with the results of the last war, and the dread of another is no security against its taking place. Ancient animosities have been revived and a new greed excited, so that it is only the emptiness of the purse that prevents men from forcibly defending their rights or their goods. If the statesmen who are members of the Conference could be put into a Palace of Truth where they were obliged to explain in exact words their position in regard to the world, they would use very different language from that we may expect at the Conference. One country has its eye on a port belonging to another, with what appears to be the reasonable idea that it will be more serviceable in its hands; another has nursed for long an ambition to secure islands and seashores for its people. A third sees that its citizens have no place where they can settle and mingle and produce children in safety. They, being crowded in their own territory, desire that there should be given to them a more thinly peopled settlement belonging to another country. So one could go on recounting the endless wishes and desires which may, in a few cases, be traced to legitimate causes, but in others, are clearly engendered by envy, spite and covetousness. To arrive at any useful decision it would be necessary for the Conference to examine these issues and decide once and for all whether they were just or unjust. We do not know that even that would settle the matter. A country that believes itself to have a grievance is not easily induced to regard itself as having been in the wrong.

If we write without much show of enthusiasm it must not on that account be believed that our sympathies are not entirely with whatever makes for peace. There would be little use in trying to cover up the obstacles that lie in the way of the Conference doing useful work. Nor can there be any harm in advocating straight and simple talk among the representatives. If they say what is agreeable without caring whether it is exactly true or not, then those men are preparing the way not for peace but for warfare.

There are many who will argue that if preparations for war were avoided for ten years peace would endure for a much longer period, but such a prolongation of peace would be fraught with ultimate danger. The construction of capital ships has become one of the most intricate and specialised of arts. To be carried out it necessitates the expense of vast shipyards and expensive machinery. After ten years of idleness it would be very difficult to revive shipbuilding, and this consideration alone is sufficient to make countries wary. Especially is this so with regard to the British Empire. We have to remember that our Dominions beyond the sea are not yet supplied with navies corresponding to their importance, and to prohibit them from building ships would be asking much from their trust in human nature.

## Our Frontispiece

THE Countess of Lichfield, whose portrait by Mrs. Blakeney Ward is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue of COUNTRY LIFE, is the only daughter of Colonel E. G. Keppel, and was married in 1911.





## COUNTRY NOTES

AT the Washington Conference Mr. Hughes lost no time in applying a severe test to the sincerity of those who have verbally supported this unparalleled peace movement. Within a few hours after the Conference had met, the representatives of the Great Powers were listening to a proposal very like that which Mr. Winston Churchill made to the German Government before the war. It was to the effect that there should be a ten years' holiday from the building of ships of war. We should not disarm, but stop exactly where we are. Put into figures, this means that the proportionate strength of the three great naval Powers would be Britain 22, U.S.A. 18, and Japan 10. Naturally, the other speakers, taken by surprise, refrained from discussing this suggestion in any detail. They were all very eloquent, but took refuge in the necessity for consulting their experts before pledging their respective countries to an acceptance of the proposal. This means, among other things, that a considerable lapse of time must occur between the opening of the Conference and the decision arrived at.

WHAT the result will be is by no means a foregone conclusion. It is perfectly true that in every country there is at this moment a great longing for peace, due to loss of life and universal impoverishment. Were the nations to resume their old rivalry in regard to armaments, it would be very difficult for the world to recover its financial exhaustion. The huge debt which has been bound on the shoulders of every nation has compelled a heaviness of taxation that in itself is a formidable obstacle to recovery. It was, therefore, an alluring prospect that Mr. Hughes spread out before his audience. On the other side of the medal we find a picture of nations with ambitions, grievances and jealousies that may prevent them from rushing enthusiastically to support the scheme. Also, the experts may be counted on to bring a great deal of cold hard fact to bear upon the proposal. They are not, as a rule, imaginative. The question resolves itself into a matter of faith, the faith required when a number of armed men, not quite sure of one another, are asked to follow the example of a leader who throws away his weapon. Before following his example they must not only be sure of his sincerity, but of the sincerity of other possible combatants.

ANYONE who passed the Cenotaph about 8 a.m. on Friday would have been struck with the crowd that had already begun to assemble round it. It was a frosty morning; the wind cut like ice, and by no means every member of the crowd was well clad, but they were all determined to be there, knowing that thousands of others would have the same feeling. Since then there has been an ever changing crowd of visitors whose presence and attitude

afford unquestionable proof that the great monument fulfils the part of an altar whereon those who have loved and lost can annually lay their oblations. The same absolute sincerity was noticed in the congregation at Westminster Abbey, where two simple ceremonies were performed at the grave of the Unknown Warrior. It was evident there, as it was at the Cenotaph, that these memorials stir the imagination and keep green the memory of those who fell in the Great War.

THERE was a little commonplace passage in the papers on Monday which will probably be quoted over and over again in coming years. It is the statement that the British cruiser *Cardiff* with the ex-Emperor Karl and the ex-Empress Zita left Constantinople yesterday for Madeira. So end the Hapsburgs as Gibbon foretold. Everyone knows the stately passage in which he prophesied that "Tom Jones," "that exquisite picture of human manners, will survive the palace of the Escorial and the Imperial eagle of the house of Austria." The "exquisite picture of human manners" is still extant and as widely read as ever it was, but the Austrian eagle counts for little as the last of the reigning Hapsburgs goes into an exile from whence he is very little likely to emerge wearing a crown again.

### TRAGIC NEWS AT LA HOULE, BRITTANY.

Pray no more  
In the Calvaire's shade  
By the great elm tree!  
To the tiny home  
In the close packed street  
He shall never return  
Though your candles burn  
On the altar neat  
Neath the church's dome.  
And the wind's whine  
Through the fishing town  
Shall twist no more  
As it did before  
To an anguished line  
That mouth of thine—  
Though tears may drown.  
Life is over for him God made  
On the deep to be;  
Pray no more  
In the Calvaire's shade  
By the great elm tree!

ETHEL E. CAIRNEY.

IT is very difficult to understand the psychology of those who howled down the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick. The Duke is himself a popular figure, and one would think that if the Communists have any sincerity they should support the League of Nations, which was the subject of his address. Here is an instrument of peace, whether it be able to achieve that end or not. There is no question about the sincerity of those who support it, nor has anyone formulated any charge of self-seeking, or other public vice, against its authors. Nevertheless, the meeting became most rowdy and discourteous. The Bishop of London, who has had unique experience, said that he had lived nine years among the poor of Bethnal Green, and they would not have conducted themselves in the same manner. His suggestion is probably pretty near the truth—that ex-service men took no part in the hostile demonstration. The occurrence was disturbing in many ways, but chiefly because it shows that there is an element in the society of to-day hostile to every proposal for the better government of the world. Their one idea is to destroy and to oppose those who do not agree with them. It is to be hoped that the British public, usually the most orderly in the world, will insist upon the maintenance of the right of free speech which the Anarchists are threatening to destroy.

IT is very improbable that any ship has previously carried such a cargo of wild animals as the *White Star* liner *Medic* brought into Tilbury on Saturday. It had on board eight hundred birds and mammals from Australia and New Guinea. They were consigned to the London Zoological

Gardens, where a number of them will find a permanent home. Others are to remain there until they are sold, while some have already been allotted to foreign zoos, chiefly in France, Belgium and Holland. The natural history interest in the collection is, of course, that Australia and New Guinea have developed a fauna very different from that of other parts of the world. The Tasmanian Devil is Tasmanian only. The Birds of Paradise belong to New Guinea, and others have the same unique interest. They will be valuable additions to the Zoological Gardens of Europe and South America.

THE go-ahead character of golf in America is well illustrated by an incident in a big professional tournament lately played there. It appears that some of the players discovered what they thought a profitable short cut to a certain hole, which consisted in playing deliberately on to the fairway of another hole. The committee of the club promoting the tournament did not approve of this, so on the next day the competitors found their short cut blocked by a large tree which had been transplanted in the night. This making of new hazards "while you wait" opens up new possibilities. The only incident at all comparable to it, of which we remember to have heard, was of a converse character. A good many years ago now the Green Committee at St. Andrews decreed that the very small but exasperating bunker called "Sutherland," on the way to the fifteenth hole, should be filled up. It was filled up accordingly, but some members of the club went out, armed with shovels, at dead of night and re-made it, and it remains there to this day.

ENGLISH and French we unite in acclaiming the work of Anatole France as thoroughly worthy of the distinction of winning the Nobel prize for the "best work of an idealistic tendency." Anatole France stands out as one of the great writers of the world. He has the style and philosophy of a master. His books are already classics. It has been urged that he is not idealistic in tendency; that he belongs to a school of French writers which includes Molière, Le Sage, Voltaire and others who have been quick "to shoot folly as it flies." In wit and irony, in a cynicism resembling in many ways that of Thackeray, his work only at first glance can be taken as material. The ideal is as clearly seen under these sunny waves as a salmon is on the gravelly bottom of a clear river. He belongs, however, to that select band of writers who can be described by no label.

THE date of the University Rugby match is drawing comparatively near and we still expect a great match between two exceptionally fine fifteens; but for the moment both sides are a little disappointing. It was a great pity that the frost prevented the match between Oxford and Blackheath being played last Saturday. Oxford began with a great flourish of trumpets by beating Gloucester, but they have been uncertain since and the Blackheath match would have given valuable evidence of their real merits. Cambridge annihilated Manchester, but did not altogether please their supporters in doing so. The Cambridge captain is making many experiments. He seems to try a fresh full back in nearly every match, and last Saturday he tried his one hitherto really effective three-quarter, Saxon, at stand-off half. The experiment was not altogether successful; the problem of the back division is yet unsolved and it must be solved soon in order to give the players time to settle down. To be embarrassed with riches is proverbially troublesome and, to make matters worse, some of the Cambridge captain's riches appear to be rather illusory.

A CURIOUS, but not unwelcome, effect of the war has been to awaken or strengthen a vast curiosity about the universe in which we are placed. In the more lethargic times of peace it was not so manifest. People were intent on art or business, making money and seeking pleasure, without giving much thought to their environment; but those who have been face to face with death or have lost those dear to them, after the first pangs have been stilled,

are left with thoughts that go roaming far beyond the old bounds. In order to satisfy so legitimate a thirst for information, a book on the model of Mr. H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" has been planned and the first number brought out by Messrs. Newnes. "The Outline of Science" promises to be every bit as enthralling as its predecessor. The editor is Professor J. Arthur Thomson, whose name is a guarantee of accurate thought and lucid expression. A most appropriate choice has been made in dealing first with the most wonderful of sciences—astronomy; the stars never lose their fascination:

Whoever looked upon them shining,  
Nor turned to earth without repining?

The story of evolution is also begun and is dealt with on the same clear, definite lines. Beautiful and most ingenious illustrations deepen the attractiveness of the letterpress. We may not be able, after all is read, to answer the old questions: What? Whence? Whither? but the mystery is defined and the problem intelligently stated.

FOR the first time in the United Kingdom those who desire to work as experts in seed testing will have the opportunity of going through a course of instruction. This course will be held at the National Institute of Agricultural Botany, Cambridge. Those who should take advantage of it are men nominated by seed firms who intend to offer employment to such nominees in their own seed-testing stations. Students recommended by universities, agricultural colleges and institutes will be accepted and any others approved by the Council of the Institute. Few who have not been engaged in seed testing or have not seen it done by others realise what meticulous care and incessant attention are needed to get rid of impurities and to decide upon the germinating value of the seed. It is work that makes a great demand upon the hand and eye. On the other hand, seed testing can be made an exact science, and seedsmen would find it greatly to their advantage to earn a name for sending out seeds of unimpeachable purity and a percentage of germinations that gets very near to 100.

#### THE WAYS OF MISRULE.

Seven splendid peacocks stood upon a wall,  
Listening to a fool who sang how Love is Lord of All,  
Seven splendid peacocks and a proud princess who said  
"Their tails would make a wondrous fan to wave above my head."

Sweet, sweet, sang the fool, and the princess spoke again:  
"His heart would make a bauble to hang upon my chain."  
So they took and stripped the peacocks to please the proud princess,

And the fool's heart dangled for a day against her golden dress.  
Seven splendid peacocks, a princess and a fool,  
And no one cried for pity in the Kingdom of Misrule!

JOAN CAMPBELL.

MANY fathers and mothers who read with dismay the early literary efforts of the children in whom they are anxious to discern the dawning of genius, will read with encouragement and satisfaction the letters that Horace Walpole wrote about the age of eight. It is amusing to find this boy, who was to become one of the most brilliant letter writers in our language, no better than others in his age of innocence. To his Mamma he writes: "... I am very glad to hear by Tom that all my cruatuars are al wall, and Mrs. Selwen has sprand her Fot and gvis her Sarves to you and I dind ther yester Day." The wit in him began to dawn when he was at Eton, from which place he wrote: "I cou'd almost wish the Prince of Orange hang'd for keeping me so long from seeing my Dear Mama." How he wrote at seventy may well be placed in contrast with his prattlings at eight. It is a description of a carriage accident of which his first notice was "an outrageous bang of the Chaplain's skull against my teeth, which cut a deep gash in his forehead." It ends with: "The servants brought the lights and cried, 'Nothing is broken.' I said, 'Indeed but there is, for our heads are broken,' which made the parson laugh." So no one need despair, finding their children in the twentieth century just like what children were in the eighteenth.



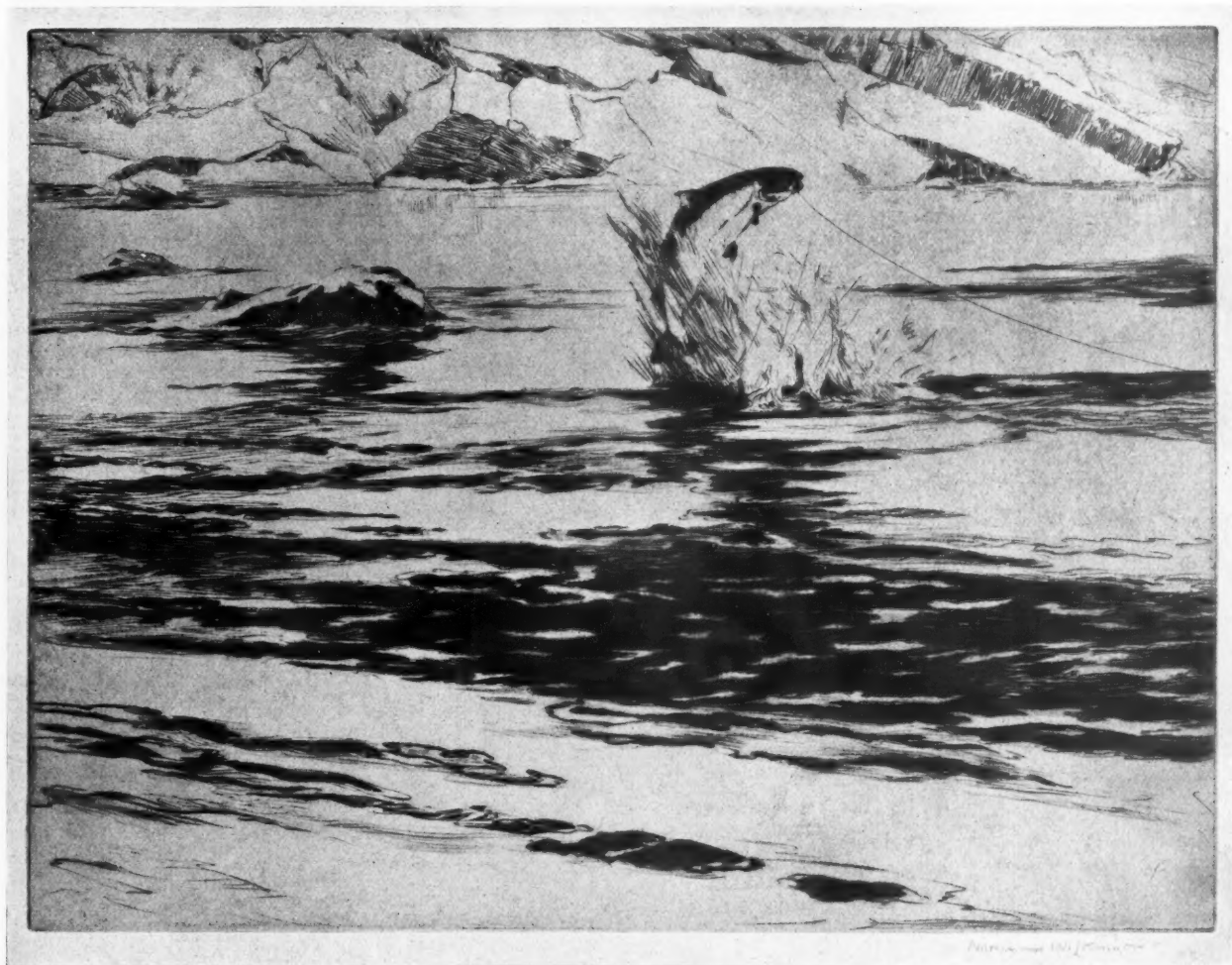
# ETCHINGS OF AN ANGLER ARTIST

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**I** SUPPOSE it is impious to murmur against Fate, and we know that the state of envy is most perilous for the soul, but now and again Fate itself forces the murmur from us and drives us to this state of peril. "Why should it be—is it quite fair," we ask, "that some should be so doubly blessed above their fellows as are those artist sportsmen like Mr. Norman Wilkinson, a few of whose etchings are reproduced here, or like Mr. Frank Benson, that American etcher who loves and limns especially the wildfowl in their trailing flight?" Our readers had specimens of the latter's fine work brought before them in some recent numbers of COUNTRY LIFE. Now here we have Mr. Wilkinson, working on fish rather than on feather, working on salmon particularly; for the scenes that he shows us are taken from Scottish salmon rivers, and from some of the most picturesque, seeing that those rivers which he mostly depicts—Awe, Garry, Etive and so on—are all of the same swift, short kind which tumble down in brief course from their sources into the western sea, tumultuous, through rocky beds. One of the sketches is of the Spey, a river running quite otherwise, northwise and eventually into the East Coast sea, but a most picturesque and bold river also in its typical reaches. This particular reach, the Intake, admirable for the lines on which the graver's needle may fasten, is not typical of the river at all. No need here of that "Spey cast" which the salmon fishers of this stream have developed into so fine an art that it has become known by the river's own name, in order to avoid collision in the back throw with rocks or trees. All is very open here, where the gillie, thigh deep in water, is slowly paying out the cable to let down the boat and let the fisher cover new water as he goes. But why should men be doubly blessed like these, delighting at one and the same time in their sport and in their work, noting not only the promise of good pastime in the moods and outlines of the clouds and the colour of the stream, but noting, all the while, beauties that they will put down on paper or on copper in the studio later, often, as I suppose, noting quite unconsciously, with the subconscious film of memory receptive, but the more intelligent appreciation hardly working

at all, and so storing without toil a myriad delightful details which they will re-conjure up and depict for our universal delight at some future time? Certainly we do very wrong to envy them, since they see forms of beauty to which our less artistic eyes are blind, and help even us to get a glimpse of that beauty by their craft and let us share with them a little of their delight. But we should just like them to realise that they are blessed beyond our common measure—that is all.

Mr. Wilkinson is water-colour painter as well as etcher, and an exhibition of his work in both kinds is open at the Fine Arts Gallery in Bond Street on November 15th. Here we have him in black and white, in a medium which gives abundance of colour suggestions in its blanks and blacknesses and intermediate shades, but no actual interplay of hues. Very largely, of course, the etcher's art is concerned with the appreciation of lines. Mr. Benson, it may be recalled, was peculiarly fortunate in the way he treated the curves and lines of the wildfowl themselves, individually, and of their collective flight in flocks across the sky. Mr. Wilkinson's gaze has been less upward than downward: it is the water that he gives us rather than the sky and the creatures scouring across it; but in this water, surely for all purposes of art as alive a thing itself as any that has either wings or fins, he finds lines of vivid movement, now swift now slow, now straight and smooth-going, now vexed by the interruption of a rock or corner, provoking it to swirling temper. It is full of moods, constantly varying, and to me, writing as one wholly inexperienced in what seems to me as if it must be the infinitely difficult and subtle art of the etcher, it appears that he has caught the lines and shades and lightnesses expressive of all this variety with great skill. I should like to draw attention to the difference of the water's pace, for instance, in the Kettle Pool on the Garry and in the Rock Pool respectively. In both we have the jumping fish, excellently shown, but in the former we have the fish leaping out of a pool in which the water is swirling indeed, but with a fat kind of oily commotion of multitudinous little waves and eddies—I do not know this particular pool, but can call to mind many of its like—and in the other there is the great,



"A FRESH RUN FISH."



*The Intake River Spey**Norman W. Kinnear*

THE INTAKE: RIVER SPEY.

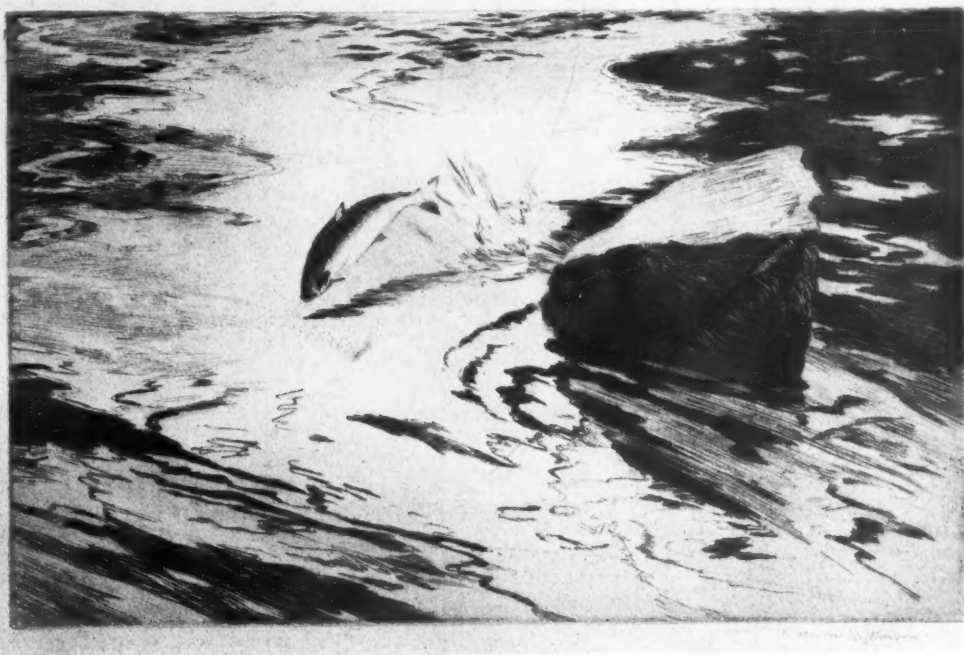
*Norman W. Kinnear*

THE BOTHY POOL: THE AWE.

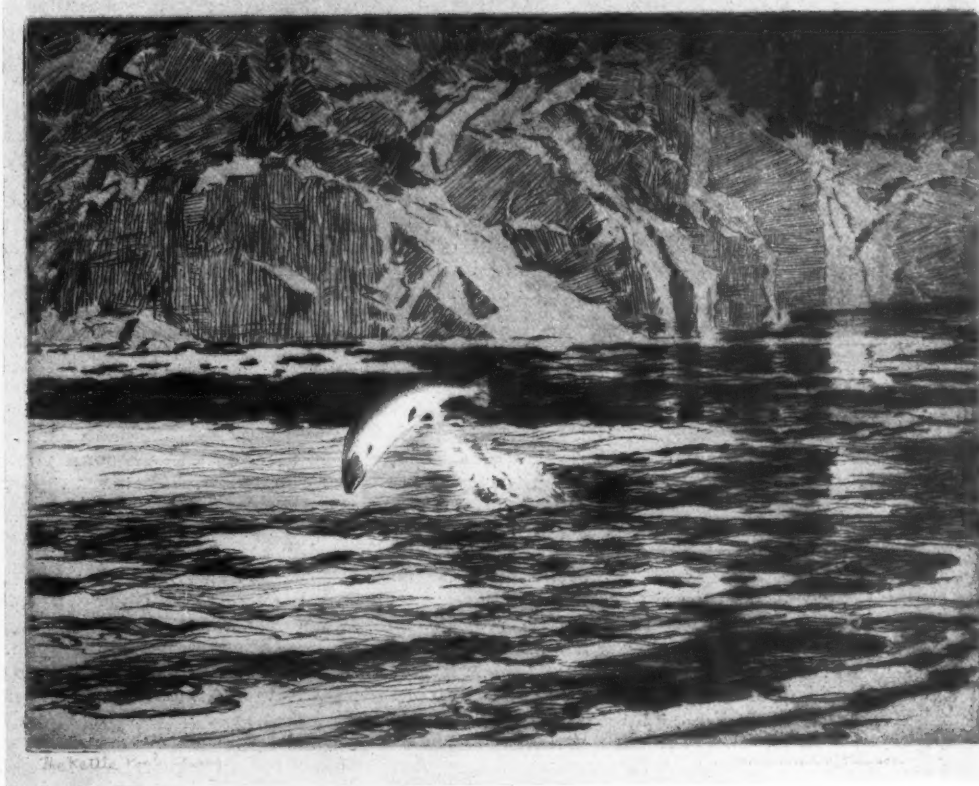
strong, masterful sweep of the current round the big rock on the right. You have a feeling, as you look, that all would go very badly with you if, owing to a false step in wading, you were to find yourself caught by and carried along in that strength of water. The fish itself is leaping in a relatively smooth and pool-like stretch, but on either side there goes the fast and broken stream. Surely, these are fine studies. The feeling of the rocks on the far side of the Kettle Pool seems to me excellently well given also. The scenery of the Bothy Pool, on the Awe, is of quite another character, and we may note the skill in the treatment and suggestion, the few strokes meaning so much, of the high land forming the background on the left. Amateurs of the etcher's art, please pardon this less than amateurish criticism of a perfectly ignorant admirer. The first picture, of a fresh run fish, has no peculiar feature of its own, from the artist's point of view, distinguishing it from these others, but it makes a special appeal to the angler's heart as the fine salmon leaps under the provocation of the strange tether fastened to its jaw. It is a thrilling moment, and it shows us the artist understanding his business with rod as well as with his graver, for we see the gut line not stretched too taut, but with some bend and give in it, as if the angler had lowered the rod point, as he should, at the perilous and anxious instant, so that the leaping fish shall be less likely to break the cast in its descent. There are those who tell us that we should relax the strain, by this lowering of the rod point, when the fish leaps with head away from us, but not so when its head, as here, is towards the angler; but that is counsel of perfection which I, for one, have never found myself able to follow in the excitement of that thrill. The fish jumps, and in the upheaval of the splashing water it is enough for me if I can so control myself as to relax the line whichever way his outline, vaguely realised, may be bent. I lower, I wait and pray, thankful indeed if, when the splash is over, there comes again that blessed strain telling me that the fish is there, still firmly hooked, despite his antics.

I am not sure but what these too fortunate artist sportsmen are not more than doubly, even trebly, blessed: for does it not seem likely that the practice which gives them deftness in placing the line exactly on the paper or the copper may be an aid to

the exact placing of the line and fly upon the water or to expertness in throwing up the gun at the flying fowl? At least, it is practice in that exercise of hand and eye working together which is at the root of the matter in each instance. The salmon, indeed, when he is in biting mood, is not a very discriminating fish. If he wants your lure he will now and then have it, even when it is bunglingly presented in what seems to you the least



"THE ROCK POOL."



"THE KETTLE POOL: RIVER GARRY."

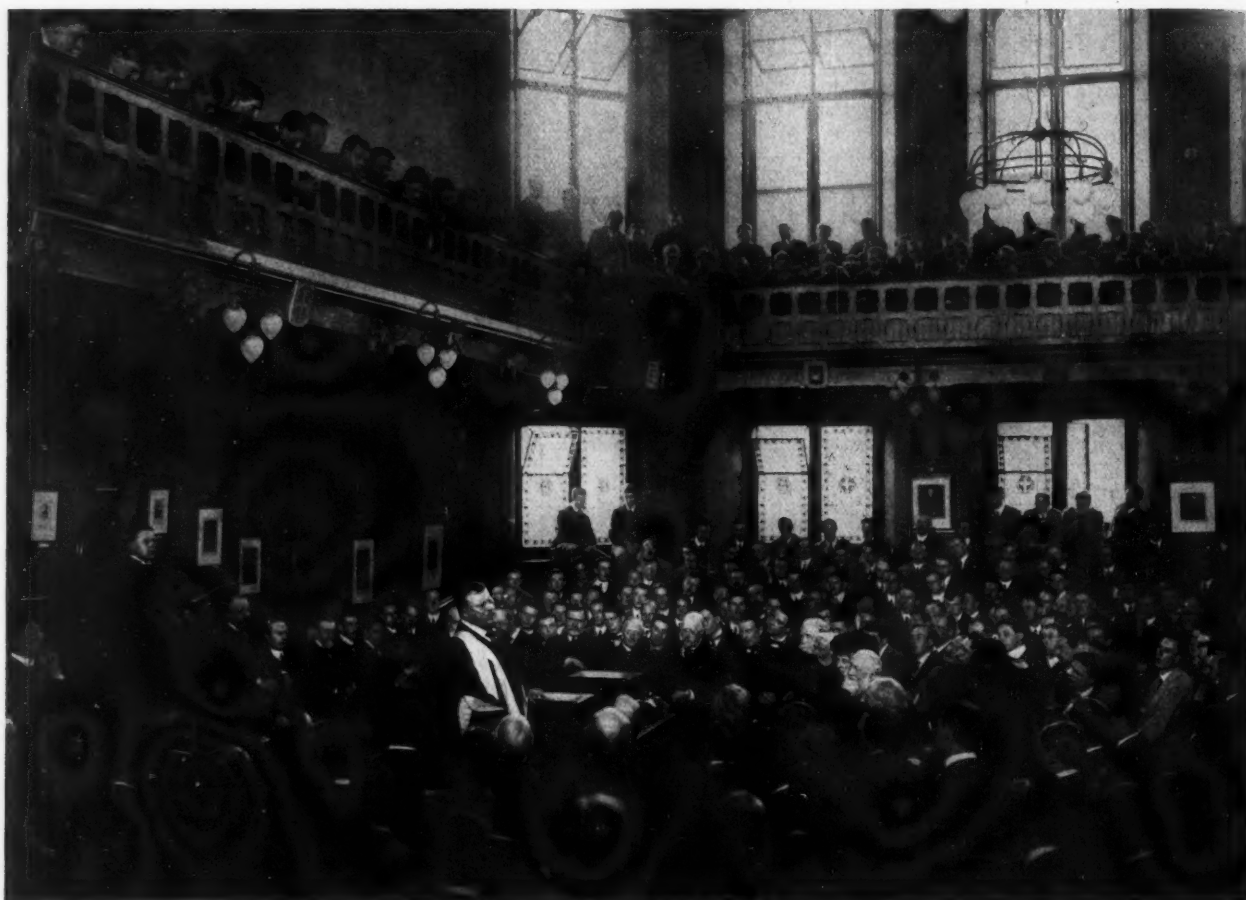
alluring fashion. But the chalk stream trout must have it just to his liking or he will not so much as peck at it. In the records of that priceless old book of the Houghton Fishing Club are drawings by Chantrey, Turner and others of the great artists of old. Their modesty forbids their recording whether they were equal artists with rod and with pencil; but we are obliged to think that the practice of the one gentle craft might help in the other.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.



# THE CAMBRIDGE UNION

By SIR GEOFFREY BUTLER, K.B.E., FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, EX-PRESIDENT.



J. Palmer Clarke.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SPEAKING AT THE UNION.

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IT has been said that the English House of Commons is the mother of Parliaments. It would be equally true to say that the Cambridge Union Society is the mother of University debating clubs. It was at the end of the Napoleonic wars that this society was founded by three enterprising spirits, all of them afterwards Judges of the High Court. The centenary anniversary ought to have been celebrated in 1915, but, for obvious reason, it was not. Now that the society is once more on its legs it is settling down to celebrate the anniversary six years later. The postponement is, perhaps, not altogether inappropriate, for it brings the centenary of the Union side by side with the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into Cambridge, and it is, perhaps, not exaggerating to say that the Cambridge presses and the Cambridge Debating Society have had no little influence upon the history of the country.

The present buildings of the Union were built in 1866. It was unfortunate that they should have been built at a time when the taste of the cultivated ran to sham Gothic and pitch pine. It was, perhaps, the fact that this style of architecture was favoured, which led to a retort in a private business meeting of some years ago: "We owe these buildings," said a speaker, "to the energy and foresight of Sir Charles Dilke and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice." "The most discreditable thing ever alleged against the latter," came the reply, "and the most discreditable but one ever alleged against the former." The epigram is not altogether fair. There are large spacious rooms—in this the building contrasts favourably with the sister building at Oxford. On hot summer days, with the long, low windows open, there is no better place to retreat from the heat of the sun.

It is not generally realised by people outside Cambridge that, to the vast majority of its members, almost every aspect of the Union except that of a debating society, is the one that appeals. There is the large and important library, greatly used by undergraduates, especially in these days when book prices run so high. There are one or two famous first editions, and copies of works presented by the authors, in instances as interesting as Lord Macaulay, Lord Lytton and Sir William Harcourt.

There is, too, a most interesting Memorial Library dealing exclusively with South Africa and South African problems. This was presented in memory of that striking and lamented personality, Edmund Garrett, Editor of the *Cape Times* and Member of the Cape Parliament, a former Union President. Moreover, there is a feature of the Union not much known away from Cambridge, but familiar in a marked degree to those who live there—the admirably managed dining-rooms. Many a Bachelor of Arts or fourth-year man makes constant use of this convenience. To be upon the kitchen committee of the Society is a much-prized position. It is alleged that much has been done by means of it to educate gastronomical taste in Cambridge. More than one dish has sprung out of the fertile brain of this or that distinguished steward. During a recent performance of the Greek Play in Cambridge nightly menus, written in Greek verse of varying metres, were found on every table.

None the less, it is as a debating society, of course, that the Union has won its outside fame. In some quarters there is a tendency to suggest either that as a debating society the Union at one time was not political, or else that it is desirable that it should become non-political again. The historical assertion seems difficult to maintain; the only pretext for maintaining it seems to be the fact that in 1817 notice was received from the Vice-Chancellor of the year that debates would no longer be allowed by the University, on the ground that they interfered with study. Consequently, for four years the Union was a mere reading club centred round a library. In 1821, however, permission was obtained to restore the debates on condition that all political questions later than 1800 were excluded, this provision showing, perhaps, the animus with which the original prohibition had been set forth. The only result was—as is pointed out by Dr. Tanner, the Historian of the Union—to bring about the state of things described by Lord Houghton: "We got fervent upon the character of Lord North, and fierce upon the policy of Cardinal Richelieu." The Society ran to the extreme limit of its tether, for the House not only decided that "the principles of the French Revolution were deserving of approbation," but also affirmed that "the conduct of Mr. Pitt



as far as the year 1800 was far more deserving of the approbation of posterity than that of Mr. Fox."

Moreover, a glance at the list of some of the Presidents in former and in recent times does not encourage the idea that the Society abstained from politics at any date. I might instance only from among the officers of the Society, Lord Lytton, Lord Macaulay, Sir William Harcourt, Sir George Trevelyan, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Henry Sidgwick, Mr. Harold Cox, Mr. Leo Maxse and Mr. Maynard Keynes. The fact is, the more political education for the young men of Cambridge that it is possible to get, the better. If you added together the number of members of all the political societies in Cambridge you would get but an infinitesimal proportion of the 5,000 in the University. Those who are familiar with countries in which the educated classes think themselves justified in holding aloof from politics will not be among those who object to seeing the debates at the Union become political.

They have become political, however. All sting seems to go out of a non-political debate. In 1913 the House decided that it would not "rather sacrifice all other literature than the works of Shakespeare," and those of us who were present on that occasion remember it as a mighty poor debate. This term a motion demanding the abolition of motor bicycles in Cambridge was discussed. The more earnest among our young men stayed away in protest, but I did not hear that the agility or lightness of debate was specially noticeable on that occasion.

To some extent elections to the offices are run upon political lines, as is inevitable; and one political organisation has taken rooms near to the Union Society, where a library of political literature and current information is available to speakers in the Union who wish to answer a point raised in debate by facts taken at first hand from Blue Book or from Hansard. The relations with our younger sister at Oxford are cordial, and visits are exchanged for the purpose of debate, the Bolshevism which seems to be rampant on the banks of the Isis rather shocking our older, more staid, Conservative Houses. We have relations which, under certain conditions, involve the transferability of membership, with the Historical Society of Trinity, Dublin, and with the Union of the University of Edinburgh. Last, but not least, we have the same interchange of privileges which we have with Oxford and our daughter College, Trinity, Dublin, with our transatlantic daughter, the Union Society of the University of Harvard. Perhaps the highest honour that can be bestowed by the Undergraduate world of Cambridge is honorary membership of the Union Society. It has been a very select body—Oliver Wendell Holmes, the novelist; Lord Kitchener, Theodore Roosevelt, Field Marshal Lord Haig, Lord Jellicoe and Admiral Sims. They had a great day at the Union when Theodore Roosevelt came on his world-wide tour at the conclusion of his Presidential term of office. It was a day he particularly liked to look back on. He enjoyed himself

hugely at the time, and often referred to it in after life as one of the "bulliest" days that he had known. He preached, as might be expected, the doctrine of the strenuous life, and the undergraduate audience, without committing itself to any personal application of the doctrine, was pleased to roar applause. One story of his, I remember, concerned his reply to a mealy-mouthed political supporter, who, as the day approached on which he must lay down his office, congratulated him on his approaching relief: "Make no mistake about it," came the answer, "I like my job"—a reply which at the time obtained considerable publicity in the English Press, and was scandalously used at the end of the same term in connection with an officer of the Society of whom it was good-humouredly asserted that he was never so happy as when "wangling," an arrangement for himself or for his friends. "The most appropriate thing that I can say of the honourable gentleman," said the speaker in returning thanks to him for his conduct of office during the past term, "is that he likes his jobs."

The Union has not always been in the same position. At first it met "in a low, ill-ventilated, ill-lit gallery at the back of the Red Lion Inn (in Petty Cury)—cavernous, tavernous—something between a commercial room and a district branch meeting house," as Lord Houghton described it. About 1832 the Union left the Red Lion for the premises erected for its special use behind what used to be the Hoop Hotel, now occupied by the A.D.C. In 1850 these were exchanged for a "dingy old room in Green Street," formerly a Wesleyan Chapel. Here it remained till 1866. I often remember how my father, who was Treasurer about the time the move to Green Street was made, used to tell me that, studying the principles of ventilation according to the latest scientific theory, he had formed the conclusion that the healthiest form of ventilation was to ventilate from the floor of the room. Accordingly he directed that a large hole should be cut in the centre of the floor and in the centre of the handsome Turkey carpet which had been purchased for the room. The pure air gently sweeping up would be the better distributed about the room by the fact that its centre was occupied by a large four-poster table on which the magazines and papers of the Society were placed. That he whose well informed brain conceived and carried out this arrangement never occupied the Presidential Chair was attributed by some to an over-devotion to and admiration for the Earl of Derby who, at the moment, was unpopular among the members of the Union. The cynical, however, were of the opinion that at least a contributing factor was that the members found that the up-rushing air beneath the table chilled their feet as they sat at it—so often in the affairs of societies as well as nations do material considerations count, and Science is forced to yield a way before the demands of creature comfort.

The rest of the acts of the Union and all that has been done there are they not written in COUNTRY LIFE for February 20th, 1915?

## AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

**A**LITTLE while back there was a pleasant dinner at Stoke Poges to celebrate Mr. Roger Wethered's achievement in the Open Championship. On that occasion Mr. Hooman, who is captain of the club, made a very pertinent remark. He said, in effect, that Mr. Wethered had done a great service to amateur golfers in general by showing that it was still possible for some of them to live up to the professional standard; that they must not accept as inevitable a position of utter inferiority, such as the amateur of billiards must almost necessarily occupy in comparison with the professional.

I am quite sure that Mr. Hooman was right. Mr. Wethered's achievement has sent a ripple of encouragement over the whole surface of amateur golf which will keep spreading and spreading. Already we have seen evidence of it in isolated instances of amateurs holding their own or, at any rate, coming nearer to doing so, in games with professionals. Of course, the professional will always be better, but it is a good thing that the amateur should bear himself "as if money were bid for him," and should not merely shrug his shoulders and say that it is "no good for him to try to play with those fellows."

One excellent sign of the times is the increasing number of competitions, promoted by various county and district bodies, in which alliances, consisting of one amateur player and one professional, take part. Personally I cannot help wishing that some other form of competition had been devised than that of the four-ball match against Bogey. Some old golfers might turn in their graves if they heard of it—Mr. Gilbert Mitchell Innes,

for example, author of the proud saying that "the way to beat a professional is never to let him get a hole up." It is so terribly—shall I say?—modern. Moreover, it is not, I should imagine, quite strenuous enough for the amateur; he is so palpably the second string that he may suffer from the enervating feeling that his partner will pull him through. A real foursome would give him a more exacting sense of his responsibilities. However, one should not, perhaps, carp at the means when the end is so obviously good.

These competitions are capital things because they make for friendliness and a wider acquaintance between the two classes of golfers. From an educational point of view they are clearly good for the amateur, but we must not forget that they are good for the professional also. We are apt to think of the professional as being, from a golfing standpoint, in perpetual training. We draw a fancy picture of him playing a series of big matches, but nothing could be less like the reality. Even the few leaders of the profession are not always doing that, by any means, and they are a very small and select class. Of the average professional it may be said that he is never out of touch with the game, because he is always handling a club; but he does not play such a very great deal of golf, and he very seldom gets a game really to test his powers. In many cases he is teaching, teaching, teaching—all day long. That is not good practice for serious golf, though it brings grist to the mill. In summer particularly this tyranny of teaching is at its height, but more and more people have taken to being coached at golf (which is very wise of them), and the professional's time gets more and more booked up all the year

round. I have sometimes been taken aback when playing a casual round with a professional by his saying that he has not played a round for a week or a fortnight, or even more. Anything, therefore, that gives him a game on a new course with new players and an incentive to play his hardest, together with a brief respite from teaching incompetent old ladies and fat old gentlemen, must be a real blessing, good for him alike as a golfer and a human being.

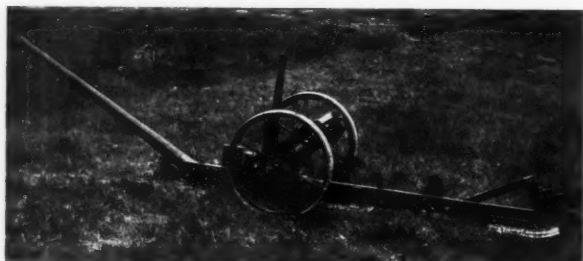
The advantages for the amateur are, of course, numerous. If he be tolerably young, plastic and imitative, his game may be enriched by new shots and improved almost out of knowledge. Those who are older and more set in their ways cannot hope for so much, but they can, at any rate, profit as regards temperament and experience, because they will have a higher standard to live up to. The man who is playing against a professional can very seldom afford to take a "breather." There will come no hole where he can afford to take liberties and try tricks. The professional is human—indeed, on the putting green he is sometimes very human;

he will make some mistakes, but he will make very few, and—a quality which makes him particularly terrifying—he will never look as if he is going to make them. Again, when he does make a mistake he will recover from it with a minimum of loss: he may do some fives where he ought to do fours, but it is no good hoping for sixes and sevens. Against one of his own fellows the amateur feels that he has only got to keep steady in order to win the holes, and he does not despair of halving those he plays badly. Against the professional, though he may get an occasional piece of luck, he starts out by thinking that steadiness will produce no more than halves: in order to win he must be better than steady. The professional sets a higher standard than that rather paltry old person Colonel Bogey, who, for all his cheap triumphs, quite often takes five to a hole that can easily be reached in two shots. So the amateur does what we are told his American brother does—he is for ever striving to gain a stroke on perfection and get a "birdie." And in golf, as in other things, we never know what we can do till we try.

## THE DRAINAGE MACHINERY TRIALS IN LINCOLNSHIRE

BY CAPT. W. H. LIVENS, D.S.O., M.C.

**T**RIALS of drainage machinery of extraordinary interest have just been held on Aubourn Fen, near Lincoln, by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. There were thirteen different types of machines, and all but two of them were absolutely new designs, while several were shown for the first time; but not only were the machines new in design, they also covered a wide range of requirements, from the big Ruston drag-line excavator, cleaning out the River Witham, to the Ransome's subsoiling and draining plough at the other extreme. So in one trial it was possible to see the whole range of land drainage operations, from subsoiling and mole-draining, through cutting channels for tile drains and cleaning ditches to cleaning out main drains and rivers. As the Ministry had chosen their ground exceedingly well, those who visited the trials could see how far machinery could be adapted to solve



SIMPLE AND PRACTICAL: THE WELLS MOLE PLOUGH.  
The mole working 20 inches down.

drainage problems of almost any magnitude likely to confront an individual landowner or drainage authority not dealing with estuary work (which involves different methods).

There is, of course, good reason for this novelty in treatment, despite the immemorial age of land-drainage problems, for all these new machines and methods are based on one thing, and on one thing only—the development of the motor tractor and internal-combustion engine as applied to farm work; indeed, it was

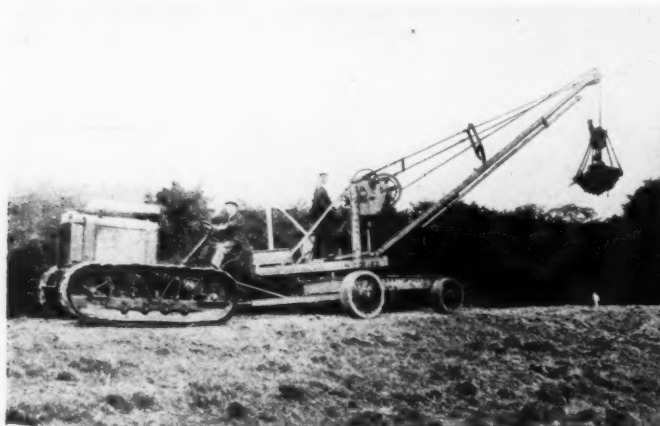


THE REVOLT EXCAVATOR.

brought home to the writer at this trial, as at all others of farm machinery during the past few years, that the day of the steam engine was really past for farm work in this country.

As the smaller machines are of the greater interest to the majority of landowners and those who farm, we will deal with them first, which is almost the reverse of the order in the programme, as that commences with the Ruston excavator.

With much land the chief drainage problem is due to the formation of "hard-pan," the dense and almost impervious layer which is formed just below the depth reached by the ordinary plough in centuries of tilling. This "hard-pan" is such a problem that really extraordinary methods have been evolved for dealing with it, small charges of dynamite put in at intervals even being used in some countries. To deal with "hard-pan" Messrs. Ransomes, Sims and Jeffries of Ipswich have designed a special subsoiling plough with a deep single mould-board to which is attached a special tine which performs the double operation of loosening the subsoil and making a small mole-drain. This plough was at work in very "strong" land and was ploughing about 13ins. deep during the trial (though



THE PRIESTMAN GRAB DITCHER.  
The tractor drives through the inclined shaft.



Bringing up the grab.



a greater depth can be ploughed if desired), and was drawn by a tractor and ploughed at the rate of about an acre a day. The ploughing was excellent and the furrows were singularly free from signs of the subsoil being brought to the surface, which is always the greatest difficulty that has to be overcome when such ploughs are designed. This instrument attracted more attention from the farmers present, perhaps, than the larger and less generally useful machines, and it will be interesting to see next year the results on the crops in the fields where it worked.

After subsoiling, the next link in modern land drainage is the "mole" drain. The name is descriptive, because the instrument consists of a long billet of steel of circular cross-section which is carried by a steel plate in such a manner that when the instrument is drawn along the round billet makes a tunnel through the earth like a mole run. These tunnels are usually made about eighteen inches under the surface of the soil and, except for the slot cut by the plate supporting the steel billet or "mole," the surface of the field is not disturbed; so mole drains can be formed under permanent pasture or under playing fields, if desired, without the surface being much cut up. It is extraordinary how long these channels last; if they are properly laid out they will remain effective for over twenty years. The mole drains must, of course, lead into something to prove effective, but as the slopes in most fields make a fan-shaped scheme of channels the best arrangement (radiating from and conducting the water down to the bottom corner), the length of tile or brush drain required to complete the scheme is not usually very great.

Now that all hand work is so costly and drainage pipes are so expensive, and with the motor tractor to provide the necessary haulage power (which is considerable in a clay soil), it appears to the writer that mole drainage should be the drainage method *par excellence* for ordinary farm work. It is quick, it is cheap, the steel plate holding the "mole" cuts right through the "hard-pan," plenty of channels can be put down in far less time than that required for subsoil ploughing, and the channels can be laid out so that they really drain the field. Probably the reason far more mole drainage work is not done is that until the advent of the motor tractor it was difficult, and with the present types of mole plough the channels formed are not properly graded, as the surface of the fields is not even and the tunnels formed run parallel to the surface (as the "mole" is rigidly connected to the sledge or skid which travels over the surface); and while the channels will remain in good order for over twenty years if properly sited and graded, if they are not graded they



RANSOMES SUBSOILER PLOUGHING 14 INCHES DEEP.

become water-locked at once, soon collapse or silt up, and the farmer is disappointed with the result. Therefore, the farmer's present need is a new type of mole plough which will enable him to grade his channels accurately, in spite of the slight humps and hollows which occur on even the flattest land. When it is remembered that the mole is usually only from two to three and a half inches in diameter it will be realised at once how very small these humps and hollows need be to cause water-locking in channels formed by the present types of mole plough. An interesting illustration of this difficulty was seen in one of the fields the Fowler steam double-engine set was mole ploughing; the surface was so uneven and the lay-out of the field so bad that the mole drains will be almost useless, as most of them will be water-locked and ineffective. But in another field, mole-ploughed also by the Fowler set, the lay-out was admirable and the mole drains should give excellent service. (It must be explained that the Ministry are responsible for the schemes, so that in either case the lay-out is nothing to do with Messrs. Fowler.) As in the majority of fields the mole drains should not be parallel to each other and will be most effective if arranged like the sticks of a fan, and as this arrangement also involves the least amount of work in putting down tile or other drains to complete the scheme, it is plain that the most practical form of mole plough is one which can be drawn by a farm tractor, rather than a bigger instrument requiring the use of a double traction engine cable ploughing set. An excellent example of a small and simple mole plough meeting this condition was shown by its inventor, Mr. H. B. Wells of Burleigh Farm, Codicote, Welwyn, Herts; and had it been possible to grade the channels accurately with it, this mole plough would have been all that could be desired for use on the ordinary farm of sufficient size to make it profitable to use a motor tractor, or for contract work on such farms. A scoop, also, for making or clearing ditches, could be mounted on the frame of Mr. Wells' plough in place of the "mole." The "mole" was of 2½ ins. diameter, and the instrument was just within the capacity of the average motor tractor, was very simple to handle, and could be made and sold cheaply; it should, therefore, have a great future.

Messrs. Fowler of Leeds showed a very workmanlike mole-plough of larger size, for use with their famous cable-ploughing engine sets. Their mole is 3½ ins. diameter and the plough had a nice long body, so that the effect of small hummocks was minimised. In view of its admirable work in one field it was the more unfortunate that in the other field where it was at work the lay-out should have been such that only a mole plough which could be set to grade its channels and could grade accurately would have been of any use.

It may be said at once that the mole ploughs were not alone in this respect, and the omission of means for effective grading of the channels formed, the most elementary and essential of all conditions for effective drainage, was the most astonishing, just as it was the most damning fault of the machines entered for this demonstration; for, with the exception of the Buckeye



Showing digging wheel raised.

At work.

Pipes laid in the trench.

THE POWERFUL AND PRACTICAL BUCKEYE TRACTOR DITCHER.



tractor ditcher, not a single machine had an adequate means of grading the trench or channel formed while cutting it.

After the mole drains have been formed it is necessary to provide for carrying off the water delivered by them, so the next types of instrument to consider are those for cutting the trenches to carry the earthenware pipes for tile drains and main drains. Five types were shown varying greatly in cost, capacity and complexity; and which type would be the most economical is a nice question depending entirely on circumstances. The simplest and most human of these instruments was a plough designed and shown by Mr. Thomas Pate, who is a working farmer at Browncastle, near Strathaven. This plough could be drawn by horses, and had a mould board and side wings enabling it to cut trenches up to 2ft. in depth, the width of which could be varied. There was no method of grading the trench, and much loose earth fell back into it, as the soil where the plough was working was of a somewhat friable nature. Clearing this earth and grading are done by hand, and as the plough does the hard work and is of a form cheap to make, easy to use and inexpensive to maintain, under many conditions the instrument may prove very serviceable. A plough sledge of more powerful type adapted for operation by a steam double-engine cable set was shown by Messrs. Roddis of Roade, Northants.

The most interesting of the smaller machines for cutting field drains was the Revolt excavator (made by the Land Drainage Excavator Company of Spalding). The machine cuts the soil into strips by means of a U-shaped knife. This earth is then removed by a light elevator and thrown to one side. The small machine cuts a trench 8ins. wide, the larger one a 14in. trench. Means are provided for increasing or decreasing the depth of cut, but there is no way of grading the trench. The machine is not expensive and it cuts an excellent trench. For work in heavy land, it would, however, be all the better if of stiffer construction, and a grading device should be fitted. With these two improvements the machine should have a big vogue.

With the Nordby self-contained ditch digger we enter a different class, as the machine has its engine on it. The Nordby can dig a trench 9ins. wide at the top and 7ins. at the bottom of any depth up to 4ft. 6ins. The machine has two digging arms with blades on them which work up and down, loosening the soil, which is then removed by an elevator with buckets. In general principle it is anticipated by an English invention patented by a Mr. Schofield in 1901, but the Schofield design appears to have been intended for a much larger steam-driven machine and probably was not as practical in detail as the Nordby. The inventor estimates that the machines could be made for about £500 each. The Nordby also lacks a proper grading device. One could be designed for it probably without great difficulty; the trench the machine cut was very good.

The most powerful and also the most practical of the field drain excavators shown, and also the most expensive and elaborate, was the Buckeye tractor ditcher, which is made in

the United States and was shown by Sir Douglas Newton of Croxton Park, St. Neots. The Buckeye has its own engine, and works by rotating a wheel of large diameter provided with buckets fitted with cutting edges; this wheel has no axle, but floats on rollers and is driven through chains by pinions on each side meshing with teeth cut in the rim. The wheel can be raised and lowered and proper arrangements are made for grading. The machine is clumsy but adequate; it will dig a trench 14ins. wide to a maximum depth of 5ft. 6ins. For such depths it was the only machine shown with the requisite capacity, and it is said to cut trenches in some soils at the rate of a mile a day. The writer understood the cost to be over £2,000, and if interest, depreciation, loss through idle time and fuel and wages are reckoned up, it will be seen at once that the cost is high except for work where a smaller machine would be ineffective.

In conjunction with the trench diggers the grader or trench filler should be valuable, which was shown by the J. I. Case Threshing Machinery Company, Limited, of 134, King Street, Hammersmith. This machine consists of a scraper mounted on a four-wheeled chassis for sweeping back the earth into the trench; it is adapted for use with a motor tractor.

A grab ditcher of very practical design and suitable dimensions and weight, which could be driven by a motor tractor and was adapted for cleaning out ditches, dykes and small streams, was shown by Messrs. Priestman Brothers of Holderness Foundry, Hull. This machine was designed by the manufacturers in conjunction with the Ministry and had a capacity of about twenty tons per hour, and, although experimental and not in its final form, it did great credit to those responsible for it; it was built on the principle of the clam-shell land dredger and had a five cubic foot grab.

The largest machine (shown clearing the channel of the River Witham) was the Drag-Line Excavator manufactured by Messrs. Ruston and Hornsby, Limited, of Lincoln, Grantham and Stockport, who have a world-wide reputation for steam navvies. This was a self-contained steam model mounted on special caterpillar tracks and fitted with a scoop of thirteen cubic feet capacity; it could dig out 35 tons an hour in clearing a stream. Representatives of the various drainage authorities from all over the country appeared much interested in it.

The Trials were exceedingly well arranged, and Captain Owen, Mr. Richards and the other members of the Ministry organising them deserve everybody's thanks. The rain during the first week added difficulties and, unfortunately, made it impossible to complete the programme. The feeding of visitors and exhibitors was well looked after, a point which shows forethought and organisation. A very minor grumble is that, as a field telephone was laid down, it was a pity it was not connected up to the Post Office system, so that Lincoln could have been called up; such connection would have proved very useful on occasion.

## TENTERDEN IN KENT

Long years ago when Time was Space,  
And people thought it no disgrace  
To travel fifteen miles a day  
In a calm and quiet way.

At Tenterden there lived a man,  
A Man of Kent, was he,  
He looked across the Weald of Kent  
To the Town of Winchelsea.

He said, "I'll ride to Winchelsea,  
To Winchelsea near Rye,  
I'll find a wife in Winchelsea,  
Or any way, I'll try!"

And all the girls at Tenterden,  
At Tenterden in Kent,  
They tried to climb the Steeple,  
To see the way he went.

They saw him from the Steeple,  
They saw him riding by,  
To fetch a wife from Winchelsea,  
From Winchelsea or Rye.

He met a maid at Rolvenden,  
At Rolvenden in Kent,  
She really was a pretty maid,  
She asked him where he went.

He said, "I'm off to Winchelsea,  
To see them all go by,  
All the girls from Winchelsea,  
And all the girls from Rye."

"And do you think," she shyly said,  
"They'll be as nice as I?"  
All these girls from Winchelsea,  
And all these girls from Rye?"

He kissed the maid from Rolvenden,  
He kissed her all the way,  
He took her back to Tenterden,  
I've heard Grandfather say.

He took her back to Tenterden,  
To Tenterden in Kent,  
They did not ride the shortest way,  
But anyway, they went.

He never left the Kentish Weald  
To see them all go by,  
All the girls from Winchelsea,  
And all the girls from Rye.

JAMES TURLE.



## THE VALUE OF CONTRAST IN PLANTING

**W**HETHER established in borders specially and entirely devoted to them or massed in front of an extensive but irregular shrubbery planting, herbaceous plants, though utilised in broad masses, should never be without a judicious admixture of plants of that aspiring habit which gives that variety of outline and piquancy of effect so essential. In large borders the pampas grasses are useful for this purpose, but, in general, reliance is placed on the torch lilies (*Kniphofia*), *liatris* and *yucca filamentosa*, a group of which is well shown in our illustration, from a photograph taken by Mrs. Henderson in her beautiful gardens at Sedgwick Park, Horsham. The taller mulleins (*Verbascum*), the hollyhocks, delphiniums and, more especially, gladioli and lilies of sorts, though less distinctive in habit, also assist in giving a variety of outline.

All the yuccas are stately plants admirably suited for sub-tropical effect or for giving contrast in larger plantings, but for the herbaceous border *filamentosa* and its variety *flaccida* alone are suitable. *Yucca gloriosa* and *Whipplei*, which flower but seldom, are incomparably grander, and even *recurvifolia* has a spike many times larger; but the regular flowering of *filamentosa* makes it, in any case, the most desirable species of them all.

The illustration displays this plant in a light which will be new to many readers. Its floriferousness is, even for this particularly favourable season, unusual. Equally uncommon are its grouping in such entirely formal surroundings and its association with either *Cineraria maritima* or paving. The picture effectively illustrates contrast in several aspects. The soft silvery foliage of the *cineraria* makes all summer through a pleasing contrast to the black-green of the *ilex* and the unpromising swords of the *yucca*; while the flower spikes of the latter with their greenish ivory bells harmonised admirably with the paving, while contrasting forcibly with the dark tree and darker shadows. The chimney bellflower (*Campanula pyramidalis*), seen on the left, is always charming when associated with paving, both foliage and flower harmonising delightfully. As this plant is not hardy outdoors in most districts, and since it is in any case not of long duration, being in practice almost a biennial, it is often grown and flowered in pots. It may then be grouped effectively in paved courts and alleys.

Every generation, nay every decade, shows a general improvement in the level of public taste, so that the crude schemes of colouring which found so much favour fifty years ago are never seen to-day in gardens of any repute. They are, indeed, unusual anywhere. Crude contrasts of garish shades of red, white, blue and yellow are indeed deplorable, but there is a vast difference, not to-day sufficiently appreciated, between crudity and virility. Virility any planting must have if it is to be effective. The finest blendings of colour will for this reason

fail of effect in our garden picture if unaccompanied by an element of contrast.

The writer is not, he confesses, a wholehearted admirer of those schemes of planting in which large stretches of border are filled with delicate shades of pink or mauve, it may be, though even these can undoubtedly be rendered effective by contrast.

Contrast of colour in such case one obviously cannot have, but the more subtle, but not less effective, contrast of form, already referred to, is at disposal.

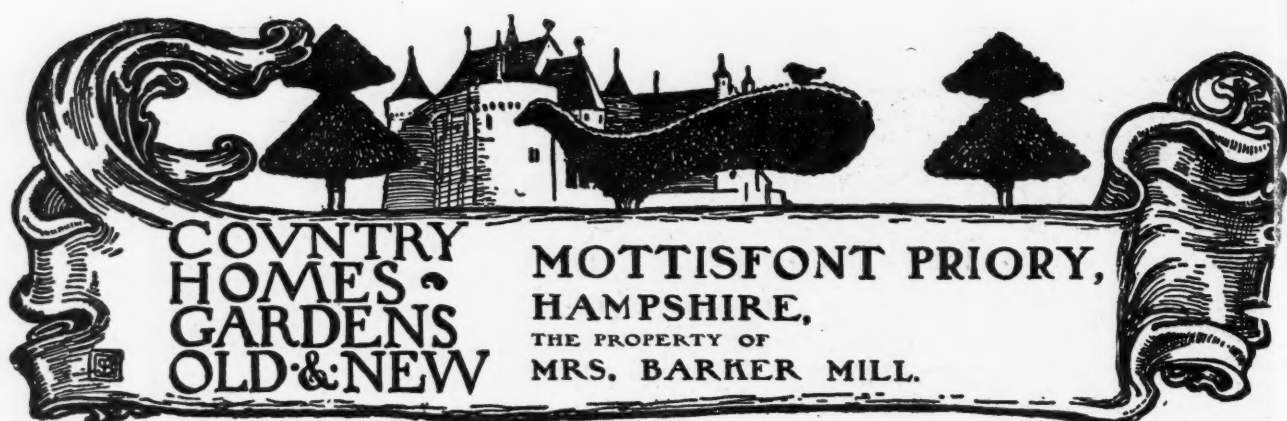
A little thought will establish that the generality of trees, shrubs and plants are more or less spreading and round headed. Among trees the oak, ash, beech, sycamore, maple, elder, willow, rowan, thorn, apple, pear, cherry, plum and almond are all round headed, as well as numbers of less common exotic trees. Flowering shrubs are almost exclusively of similar habit, while if we turn to herbaceous plants, *chrysanthemum maximum*, *gypsophila*, *erigeron*, *rudbeckia* (most species), sunflower, *coreopsis*, *gaillardia*, *campanula*, *geum*, *pentstemon*, *pyrethrum*, *potentilla*, *achillea*, *aster*, *anthesis*, *papaver*, *anemone* are genera which will come readily to mind, though there are many others. The stately delphinium is most effective when boldly massed, but it must be confessed that it loses then a great deal of its spiry individuality and becomes in mass a round-headed clump like the rest.

There is fortunately a sufficiency of trees and herbaceous plants of habit widely different from that we have been discussing to introduce the needed element of contrast into every garden. In plantations, considerations of background usually make it essential that tall trees be dark in foliage. What better could we ask, then, than the rigid spires of the spruce, especially the tall and slender black spruce? So great is the individuality of this beautiful tree that no massing will extinguish its special character, so that a spinney of spruce is as essentially erect and aspiring as one of oak is broad and pastoral in effect. The Douglas fir, quickest growing of conifers, is also conspicuously erect-habited, though it lacks the stern rigidity of the spruce and also its rich deep colouring. The Colorado variety, however, though somewhat slower growing, is at once more rigid and of far better colouring. Of deciduous trees the poplar and the birch are the most noteworthy. The elm, though tall, has at last the round head of the oak. Two or three poplars properly arranged will make an immense difference to a deciduous planting.

The slender graciousness and tender colouring of the birch render it suitable for contrast of colour as well as of form. This point needs little elaborating. One can hardly traverse any part of Surrey, for instance, without appreciating the delightful contrasts afforded by Scotch fir and silver birch, contrasts accentuated by velvety shadows.

R. V. G. W.





THE new men who reached power and wealth under Henry VIII were prone to pull down churches and build up houses. The mediæval spirit had dedicated its finest architectural and decorative efforts to the service of God and the use of His ministrants. But the New Learning—pagan in origin, individual in thought and act—swept away the communal spirit in the organisation of both religious and agricultural life. Tillage "in severalty" replaced the common fields, and the monastery became by gift or purchase the private property of a single owner. Such owners were greatly concerned with their own ample housing and sumptuous living, and while some, like Weston at Sutton and Kitson at Hengrave built wholly anew on lay estates, very many adapted the fabric or used the materials of the dissolved abbeys for their better accommodation. Such, among others, were Shavington at Laycock and Wriothesley at Titchfield, while last May we found Lord Sandys beginning life by re-edifying his inherited home of The Vyne and ending it by transforming Mottisfont Priory into a "goodly place."

From a chalky bank above the lush land that borders the Test a few miles above Romsey there wells up an ample flow of limpid water. This spring or *fons* attracted settlers, and in the eleventh century Mottes funda was a place of habitation. A hundred years later the manor was a possession of William

Briwere who gave it by way of endowment to the priory which he there founded. Other lands and manors were added and, if never great or wealthy, this religious community had means in the late twelfth and early thirteenth centuries to raise ample and beautiful buildings, some of which—such as the vaulted undercroft (Fig. 7) of the building that abutted on the south side of the church nave—have survived. Ill times, however, appear to have supervened, for in 1410 the brethren complain that:

Their lands "situate for the most part by the seashore," were often attacked by Flemings, French and Normans, and other enemies of the realm, for the defence of which men-at-arms from time to time lodged at the priory, consumed its animals and grain and plundered and carried away as booty other of its movable goods, wherefore the cultivators of the said fields had left them for the most part uncultivated. The buildings of the priory were in want of repair, their serfs had died in the pestilence and all their manors, granges and houses were in ruin.

Some revival followed before the final fall and a late benefactor was found in the person of Henry Huttoft, chief of the Custom House at Southampton and sheriff in 1521. In what is now the back kitchen, but was the west end of the canons' choir or presbytery, there remains a stone *pulpitum* having a four-centred arch with tracéried soffit (Fig. 6). The four panels on each side have shields representing benefactors from the days of William



Copyright.

1.—THE SOUTH ELEVATION.

It is an Early Georgian reconstruction, obliterating the Gothic and Tudor work.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





Copyright.  
2.—THE EAST AND NORTH ELEVATIONS.  
The archway in the east side once opened between the south transept and south-east chapel. The ground floor windows are of the sixteenth and the first floor of the eighteenth centuries.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

3.—THE STABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

4.—WIDE LAWNS AND GREAT PLANE TREES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

5.—A BRANCH OF THE RIVER TEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It runs a little east of the house and is bordered by lawns.





6.—SOFFIT OF THE EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY PULPITUM WITH SHIELDS OF THE BENEFACTORS.

Briwere to that of Huttoft, who was very likely the donor of the *pulpitum*. That he was a friend of the canons and interested in the place is shown by his letter to Thomas Cromwell in March, 1536, when the heavy hand of the "Hammer of the Monks" was about to fall upon the Priory:

There is much talk here about the suppression of religious houses. Let me be a suitor for one, viz., the house of Mottesfont, where there is a good friend of mine with as good a master and Convent as in the country. If none are to be reserved—but all must pass one way, please let me have it towards my poor living.

In the struggle for these prizes it was not small officials in their districts so much as men of influence at Court who obtained increases to their "poor living," and Lord Chamberlain Sandys, who had entertained Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn at The Vyne in the previous autumn, secured "the manor of Mottisfont-cum-Ford." It evidently took his fancy as a potential residence, preferable even to his ancestral acres and reconstructed home of

The Vyne, for in the summer of 1538 John Atkinson, priest, writes to Lady Lisle:

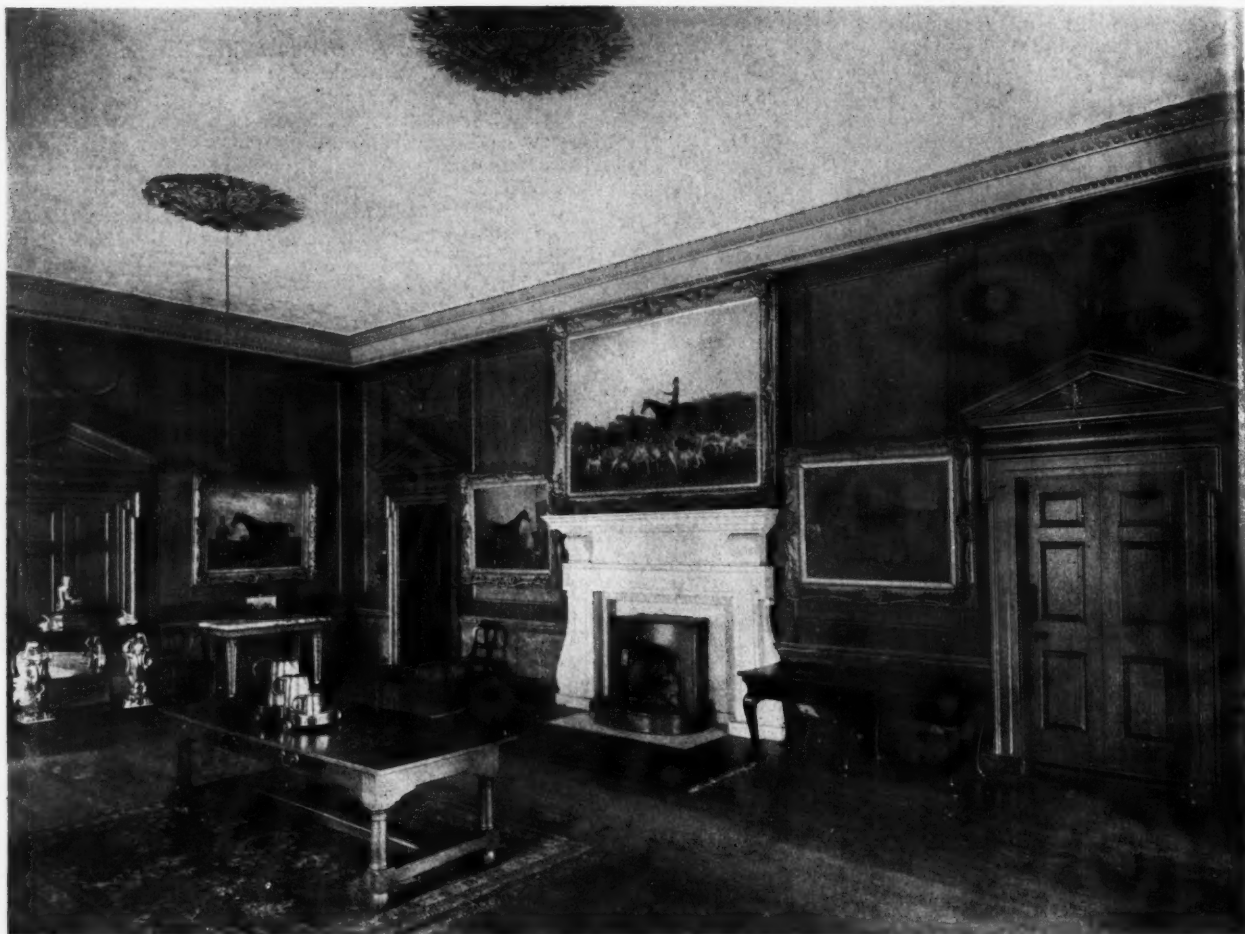
My lord Chamberlain has been keeping household in my house at Mottesfont ever since the beginning of May and I think will continue till All Hallowtide to oversee his works here. He makes a goodly place of the Priory and intends to lie there most of his life.

There was not much of his life left in which to lie anywhere, for in December, 1540, he died. His liking for Mottisfont, however, was transmitted to his descendants. Son and grandson appear to have used it quite as much as The Vyne, if not more, and when, later on, this royalist family found themselves impoverished by the Commonwealth, it was The Vyne which was sold and Mottisfont retained.

When the fourth Lord Sandys of The Vyne died childless in 1629, it was his half-sister Elizabeth who succeeded to the Vyne and to Mottisfont. She was likewise *suo jure* the fifth



7.—THE VAULTED UNDERCROFT OF THE CELLARIUM RANGE.



Copyright.

8.—THE HALL FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.  
The open doorway leads to the gallery.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



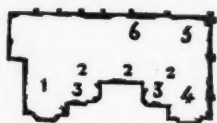
Copyright.

9.—THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

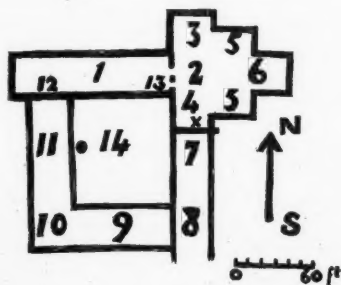


holder of the Sandys barony. She married her namesake and perhaps distant kinsman, Sir Edwin Sandys, and by him had a son, Henry Sandys, who, siding with the King when the Civil War broke out, was killed in a Hampshire skirmish in 1644. In his day The Vyne was still the ancient, if little used, family seat and a representation of what it was then like appears in the painting of Henry Sandys and his wife that still hangs at Mottisfont (Fig. 12). As his mother outlived him he never was Lord Sandys, but his sons became in turn the sixth, seventh and eighth barons, the title becoming extinct with the death of the last one in 1684. His sister had married a Hampshire neighbour. John Mill, of Newton Berry in Eling parish, had been made a baronet in 1619 and sat for the county under Charles I. He was a royalist who was compounding for his estates when he died in 1648. It was his son, the second baronet, who at the Restoration married Margaret Sandys, and on her youngest brother's death their son, Sir John Mill, third baronet, succeeded to Mottisfont, which, during the whole of the reign of the first and second Georges,



10.—MOTTISFONT SINCE GEORGE II'S TIME. FIRST FLOOR.

1, Hall; 2, 2, 2, Gallery; 3, 3, Staircases; 4, Drawing-room; 5, Dining-room; 6, Wainscoted parlour.



11.—MOTTISFONT PRIORY IN 1537. GROUND FLOOR.

1, Nave; 2, Tower; 3, North transept; 4, South transept; 5, 5, Chapels; 6, Presbytery; 7, Chapter house; 8, Site of dormitory; 9, Site of refectory; 10, Site of kitchen; 11, Cellarium range, vaulted undercroft surviving; 12, Part of wall arcading survives here; 13, Pulpitum; 14, Site of cloister garth; x, Piscina remains in dividing wall.

was owned by Sir Richard Mill, fifth baronet. As the Mottisfont of to-day bears, both within and without, the impress of that period, we may safely put down to him its second and final remodelling. The south elevation (Fig. 1) shows nothing earlier than his work, except some recently excavated mediæval foundations. But on the north side (Fig. 2), although he re-windowed the first floor, there is still a good deal visible that reminds us both of the monastic church and of the first Lord Sandys' "goodly place." Sketch plans (Figs. 10 and 11) are given of the general disposition in monastic times and at present. Lord Sandys' transformation of the nave of the monastic church was retained in the eighteenth century remodelling; but, whereas his complete plan will have been that of a quadrangle, Sir Richard Mill, while thickening the main or north range, entirely removed the southern range of buildings and shortened back



12.—COL. HENRY SANDYS AND HIS WIFE. He was killed in 1644. A view of The Vyne as it then was is seen in the background.



Copyright. 13.—A DOORWAY ON THE GROUND FLOOR. "C.L." It dates from the time of the transformation of the Priory church into a dwelling by Lord Sandys.

those to the west and east. Sandys' scheme was not unlike that adopted at the Premonstratensian Abbey at Titchfield, in the same county, by Thomas Wriothesley; whose letters on the subject were edited for the *Archæological Journal* in 1906. The final arrangement there was to treat the cloister as the courtyard of a four-square house, pulling down the eastern portions and one of the transepts of the church as was also done at Mottisfont, but driving a broad arched way surmounted by a lofty gate-house through the centre of the nave, and using the monk's frater at the opposite side of the quadrangle as the great hall. At Mottisfont the nave, being wholly used for the main rooms, the frater may have been removed and the south walk of the cloister adapted as the main way in. The nave was converted into a three-storeyed building with offices and unimportant chambers on the ground floor, a suite of lofty rooms on the first floor and a roof-space above. A complete rewindowing and much re-casing will have obliterated all mediæval detail, but considerable traces of it have in late times been revealed. On the east side (Fig. 2) there appears the arch that connected the south transept with the destroyed south-east chapel, and on the north side, flanking the eighteenth century "Venetian window" of the dining-room may be seen portions of the arch that admitted to the north transept from the central tower, and here, too, the original walling of chalk and flint has been brought to light. Inside the traceried soffit of the *pulpitum* which occupied the south end of the transverse wall that ran between tower and nave, gives us, as already mentioned a notable example of the latest monastic work, while part of what was a wall arcade along the south-west wall of the nave (Fig. 15) is an early thirteenth century survival. In what is now a dairy or larder, but was the south transept, is a well preserved piscina (Fig. 14). The most considerable mediæval remnant however is the low, vaulted chamber that formed the undercroft of the western range of buildings. Of Early Tudor detail there is even less than of Gothic. There is the row of ground floor stone window frames of two or three lights, flat arch headed, mullioned and transomed. A couple of bold oak door frames (Fig. 13) occur on the ground floor. The frames are 8ins. wide and 10ins. deep. For 2ft. up they are plain, but then break out into massive mouldings. Though probably of the first Lord Sandys' time, they may not date till the close of the Tudor period and be the work of the third Lord Sandys or his daughter Elizabeth, the heiress, when the north parlour, next to the dining-room, will have been panelled; and here it is that we find the portrait of her son Henry Sandys with The Vyne in the background.

The Mill alterations, entirely reconstituting the south side, were carried out partly in stone and partly in brick. Of stone are the bay-windowed end projections, while the central portions are of brick with stone dressings. The bricks are about 8ins. long and 2½ins. wide. The texture is fine in all three sash-windowed sections, but rough in the little three-sided projections, with small casements, which points to these being a survival of some alteration previous to the time of Sir Richard Mill.

The central doorway opens from the lawn into the ground floor, which is largely occupied by the offices. The house stands for the most part on the low level by the river side, but



15.—PORTION OF THE WALL ARCADING OF THE NAVE.

It dates from about 1200 A.D., and shows the flint walling of the original structure of the priory.

its west end mounts the steep bank, and thus its west wall at ground level is as high as the first floor rooms. By forming a terrace on the top of the vaulted chamber of the cellarium range, the level of the drive is continued in front of the columned porch of the window door which gives into the hall and is thus the principal entrance. The drawing-room, at the east end, has a like feature, opening on to a balcony with steps down, in front of which appear the recently unearthed vaulting shafts of the ruined chapter house. The hall (Fig. 8), is a room some 24ft. wide and quite half again as long. Its main features, such as the chimneypiece and the pedimented doorways, point to a date early in Sir Richard Mill's long ownership. The open doorway of the illustration leads into a gallery over 12ft. in width, that stretches its length to the end wall of the house and has a group of three sunny windows to the south, on each side of which rise the ample staircases. The other sitting rooms look north, the dining-room (Fig. 9) occupying the north-east corner and being lit by the Venetian window inserted within the great arch, which once opened from tower to north transept. The doorways are similar to those of the hall and the heavy sash barring of the window indicates the same Early Georgian date. Over the George IV sideboard hangs an interesting piece of needlework with the Sandys arms in the centre, and in all likelihood dating from the time of the first lord.

Mottisfont is a home of great interest and much merit. But the chief charm lies without. To the west, on the high ground, stands the stable quadrangle (Fig. 3). The Mill crest tops the gate posts that show the mid-Georgian pedimented coach-house between them. The feature of the lower side buildings, containing ranges of stalls, is the broad overhang of the roof—a gigantic eave plastered as a cove and affording a covered way on each side. Great trees overhang the entrance, and great trees rise from the wide lawns that occupy both the slope and the level before the river bank is reached. There is variety in these trees, but the finest are the planes, one of which is a monarch indeed. It is seen (Fig. 4) standing between the house and the river, and its girth a yard from the ground is nearly 36ft. The form of the trunk suggests that two trees springing up near together have become welded and formed an irregular oblong with sides 12ft. and ends 6ft. long. The clear water of the stream, the stateliness of the timber, the green shadow-flecked expanse of grass from which rises the ample house with its long history and strange medley of styles make Mottisfont a very sympathetic home, which ever since it was granted by Henry VIII to his Lord Chamberlain has always passed by inheritance. On the



14.—A PISCINA.

"C.L."

Copyright.

It occurs in the wall that divided the south transept from the chapter house.



death in 1835 of Sir Charles Mill, tenth baronet, the title expired and the estates passed to his sister's son, John Barker, who added the name of Mill and in whose favour the baronetcy was revived. But he, like his predecessor, was childless,

and when his widow died in 1884, Mottisfont, and other Hampshire estates passed to Mrs. Vaudrey, a third cousin, who assumed the names of Barker Mill and still owns the property.  
H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## A NOVEL OF FASHIONABLE LIFE

Way of Revelation, by Wilfrid Ewart. (Putnam.)

**M**R. WILFRID EWART, who has already won a place in contemporary literature by his vivid nature studies and his essays on life and conduct, has written what must inevitably lift him to a more commanding position. His novel *Way of Revelation* is a complex work not easy to describe. The main concern of the writer appears to be that of portraying the gilded youth of London as they were before and after the war. If so, his arrow has found mark the archer never meant. The work will be read and admired far more as a drama of character and imagination. To this all else, even the war, is subservient. Yet nowhere have we read such clear, pointed and vivid battle descriptions. Here the author is intent on the fortunes and behaviour of his characters, but he is a trained soldier as well as a master of English, and without any of the amateur's straining after gush and rhetoric he makes you see and feel everything that happened. Loose and vague generalities he abhors and he avoids technicalities. Sentimentality he has no use for. When a popular company commander falls the lament of the men is only "Little Percy's copped it at last!" Nor are fine words put into the mouth of the dying hero:

"They tried to give him brandy, but he was unable to swallow. Only at intervals he repeated 'Morphia! Give me morphia . . . and put an M on my forehead.'"

He then began to swear, methodically to himself, as he sometimes did when things went wrong.

When he comes on the stage in the first scene, Eric Sinclair, the officer in question, is a gay young man about town occupying a flat near St. James's Street and frittering away his time in light amusement as a companion to Adrian Knoyle, the principal male character in the story. They had settled down comfortably into "having a good time," comforting themselves with the reflection "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. And if worst comes to worst one can marry." We turn back to read the account of them in the first chapter, when on page 412 we find Burns, a notable officer, delivering himself thus:

I learnt twenty years ago when I first went to South Africa to judge a man as a man. You still ask whether such and such a person is "quite a gentleman." Oh! it's pitiful! Who cares a twopence where Bertie buys his hats or Cuthbert has his hair cut or whether Archie aspirates his h's, when half the world's tottering and the only thing that'll save it is CHARACTER.

The elegant youth of London had reasserted itself in days before "he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon!"

Although Mr. Ewart avoids the tone of moralist, he makes us feel that his tale is not told wholly as an exercise in the use of imagination. Had it been so, he would not have taken as mottoes for the six chapters, into which his novel is divided, quotations from the most solemn prose in our language—the *Book of Revelation*. He makes no other comment, but leaves moralising to the reader.

At the outset we are introduced to Gina Maryon, a central figure in a fashionable set nicknamed the "Clan of Maryon." She was what we would call a woman of culture. "She 'adored' the Vorticists, 'worshipped' at the altar of Matisse," and wrote poetry which was not insignificant, "though people complained that it was overloaded with impropriety." Clothes and house decoration matched the character.

Her male counterpart was Harry Upton, a man of unwholesome face and "soulful eyes." It is rather curious that the keystone of the story is very like that used by Fielding in "Joseph Andrews," a significant fact which shows that though the form of vice may change, it remains essentially the same. It will be remembered that the happily named Joseph resisted the allurements of his mistress. The name of the hero of this book is not Joseph, and he does not resemble his namesake in virtue, but when Gina makes advances very similar to those which shocked the footman, they are rejected from a sense of physical distaste rather than anything else. The cool, quiet, self-possessed young gentleman of the twentieth century was neither so innocent nor so astonished as the young domestic of the eighteenth century. In each case, the object desired by the novelist was to bring a slighted woman into the play. Gina is the bad angel and she works hand in hand with Harry Upton. He, too, writes verse,

which he publishes under such titles as "Stars," "Rays," and so on. Both of them are addicted to the use of a substance kept in a Louis Quatorze snuffbox. In plain words, they were victims of the drug habit, and a long intriguing story tells how one of the most beautiful and charming of girls was brought to downfall and shame partly by the intrigues of these two and partly by being led into their very evil habit. Mr. Ewart has too fine a literary instinct to make his hero contrast too strongly with these two or be a very saintly person in any way.

Adrian accepted the duty of war service which Mr. Upton managed to escape. After smoking a cigarette which, unknown to him, had been treated with the drug, he retains the plain Englishman's distaste for the very smell of it. He is called off to the war and fights in the way expected from one of his breeding. Mr. Ewart is compelled by the necessity of the story to describe at considerable length the fighting, and much as has been written of it, there is nothing fresher and clearer and more satisfactory in every way. The author writes in the very spirit of a soldier, but with a style and distinction equal to that of any novelist of to-day. Literary caution forces him to use his war material very sparingly. He takes of it only what was needed to make the mortar of his construction.

While Adrian is serving his country abroad things go badly with his love affairs at home. A great tragedy was being worked out because the Upton creature, under the inspiration of the jealous Gina, was corrupting Lady Rosemary, whose charm pervades the book. For a time it looked as though Adrian were being pushed out of the picture while the wicked flourished. Gina, who was the centre of that wickedness, had changed her home, for change was of the essence of her culture. Here is a vivid description of it:

It was a very small room, Gina's own; it looked like the inside of a biscuit-box, the walls and ceiling being silver-papered, without picture, ornament or relief. Severity, simplicity, were the keynote of the latest Maryon "cult." It was a reaction from a renaissance decorative style that had prevailed for nearly a year. The Artistic life of the Clan Maryon subsisted on reactions. And this room was just black and silver. An immense black divan with large round black cushions occupied the whole of one side. The carpet was black. There was a black lacquer cabinet at the farther end. On the black mantelpiece were three silver-wrought images—two Madonnas and a crucifix. The writing-table was black, relieved by a gleam of silver, and so were the chairs.

To this description must be added the scent of the drug. In this room the two evil geniuses laugh at Adrian Knoyle as the "also ran."

To tell more of the story would take away from the reader's interest. He will find that out of this apparently hopeless state of affairs the novelist has been able to produce an ending that, without being happy in the conventional meaning, leaves no sadness behind it. The question raised in one's mind is not in regard to the quality of the novel. As a story its merits are so great that we shall be astonished indeed if it has not an immediate and very great success, but there remains another question. Has Mr. Ewart really laid bare the main sore of his time, the centre of what is corrupt in English society? We do not think so. The use of drugs, after all, is a habit confined to a small proportion of people. It has existed from time immemorial, nor is it proved or provable that, as far as sexual immorality goes, this age is worse than those that preceded it. At all times offences against conventional morality have furnished wits and cynics with openings for their ridicule and satire. After all, it is possible only to judge by comparisons, and the war that ended with Waterloo stirred into activity as much lawlessness and passion as were distilled from the German war. At one time it was conceived as possible that Great Britain would not be able to retain a stable Government amid the surging waves that had spread over the world after the French Revolution, but the Empire surmounted these waves. There are weaknesses other than these which form the menace of to-day. Thus, we do not recommend the book because of any message or gospel it contains, but because it sets forth, in English most delightful to read, the characters, aims and activities of a long list of actors and is emphatically a good book. Mr. Ewart has been able to draw his little images with the finest precision and a wide knowledge of humanity.

# NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY AND NATURAL HISTORY

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD J. WILKINSON.



THE LARVAL LIFE OF THE PAINTED LADY BUTTERFLY.

Larva full fed and ready for pupation.

The next stage.

[The actual shedding of the skin.

**T**HE nature photographer whose leisure moments are much restricted, and who is unable, for a variety of reasons, to record his observations by the light of day, will find a vast field for study and research after the sun has set. Wild life retires to sleep, and wild life awakes at sunset. It is a change of setting and characters in the brilliant pageant of life. Birds cease their song as twilight deepens, and butterflies seek seclusion in the forest trees and undergrowth to await the dawn. Then other forms of life awake. Moths creep from their resting places, and

night-feeding larvæ appear in view. Owls hoot and hunt their prey, and shearwaters fly to and from the nesting holes. Churring nightjar murmur incessantly and feed their young by the pale moonlight on moths which flit by in ghostly silence. Wild life is afoot. Foxes and badgers emerge from their burrows, while stoats and weasels creep silently on the unsuspecting rabbit.

There is much work then for the photographer to do, and in directions which are as yet practically untouched. Dugmore has shown us how successful the camera can be in the photography



THE GARDEN SPIDER WATCHFUL AMONG ITS VICTIMS.

SPIDERS WHICH LIVE IN CREVICES AND COME OUT AT NIGHT.

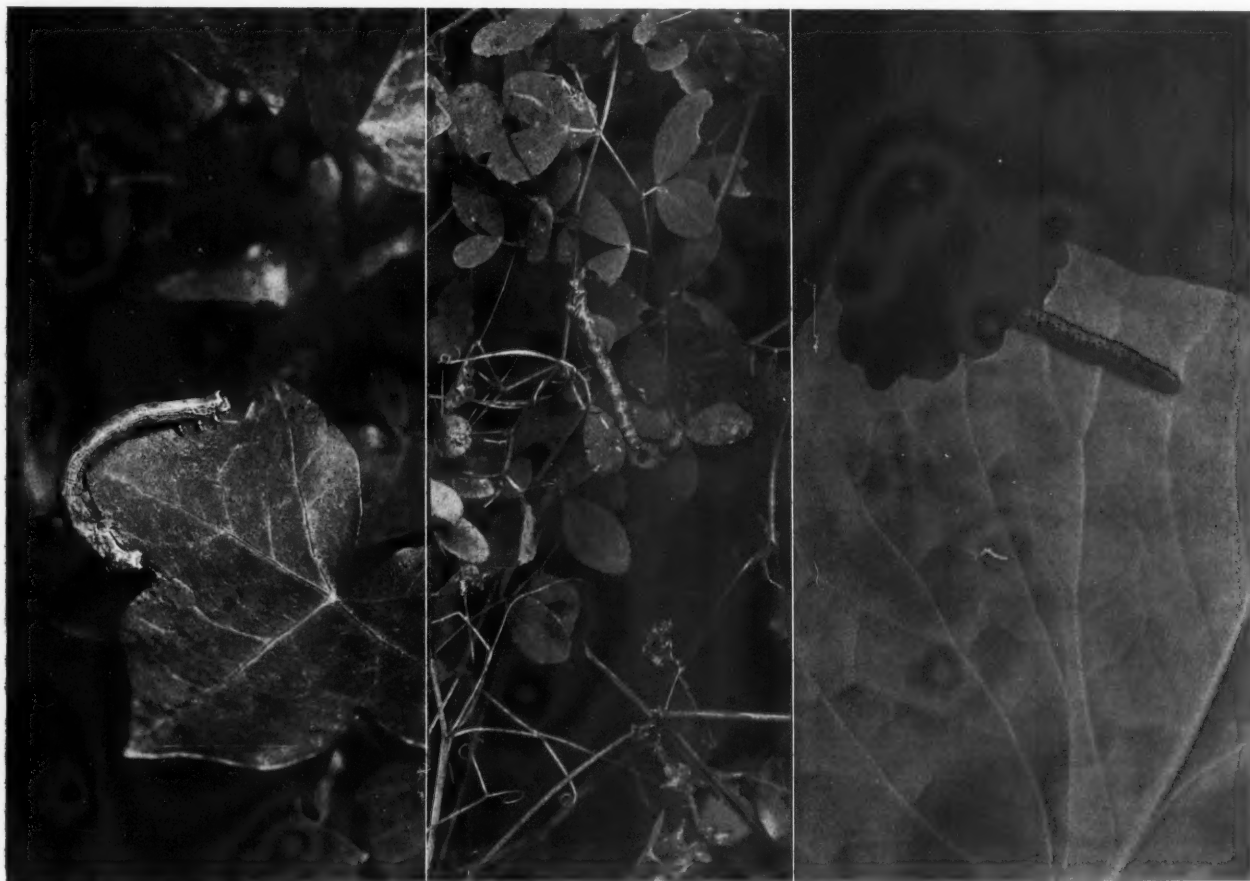
GARDEN SPIDER, TAKEN BY FLASHLIGHT, DEVOURING ITS PREY.



GREEN VEINED WHITE BUTTERFLY ON AN  
APPLE TREE.A SMALL WHITE BUTTERFLY PHOTOGRAPHED  
BY FLASHLIGHT.A SMALL COPPER BUTTERFLY AT  
REST BY NIGHT.

of wild animals by flashlight, and there is no reason why one should not be equally successful in the directions indicated with fox, stoat, rabbit, nightjar, Manx shearwater—to name but a few. In the first instance it would be largely a question of baiting and waiting, or *vice-versa*, and with excellent chances of success in winter or in summer.

It is with insect life, however, that the writer has had his chief experience, and it is in this direction that there is the greatest amount of work to be done. The field is so vast and illimitable and the phases of insect life, which remain like a closed book and await investigation, are so numerous as almost to pass comprehension. The utilisation of the camera as

THE LARVA OF THE SCALLOPED HAZEL  
MOTH.CATERPILLAR OF SCALLOPED HAZEL  
MOTH, TAKEN IN WINDY WEATHER.CATERPILLAR OF LARGE WHITE BUTTERFLY.  
THE HEAD WAS MOVING WHEN TAKEN.

an aid to such research is at all times invaluable, but whereas it has, heretofore, been used mainly by day, the fact that it can be used more successfully by night should enhance its value considerably. Let us consider, then, how the camera, used in this way, can be a source of enjoyment as a hobby as well as an aid to scientific research. At an hour when most photographers have laid aside their apparatus for the night we can proceed far afield in search of subjects to study. Armed with camera and plates, flash-firing equipment, and a powerful acetylene lamp, we can wander through the forest, along lanes and hedgerows, by ponds and river-sides, sweeping tree trunks and vegetation with our powerful lamp. Here we may find butterflies at rest, there a night-feeding larva, or spider snares in which the host is devouring a moth or fly. Having selected an interesting subject, we can proceed to focus by the aid of our lamp, on life-size scale, and finally stop down the lens to F 32, or F 45 if desired. After placing 60 grains of powder or thereabouts in position the charge can be fired either by touch-paper or electrically.

One advantage of this kind of work is that panchromatic plates with colour screens can be used for the brief exposures which flashlight gives, and at the same time objects may be shown quite sharp upon the plate, though at the time of taking they may have been moving slightly. To attain such results by daylight would be practically impossible, for even with the fastest plate an exposure of at least 5secs. or 6secs. would be required under the best conditions, when using a 6in. lens at F 32 for life-size pictures.

Quiet and restful evenings are most suitable for this class of work, for at such times there is usually more calm than in the daylight hours, and conditions are pleasant for hunting. In our own gardens and orchards much can be done, and on ivy-covered walls spiders, and such larvæ as those of the scalloped hazel moth, for example, can be photographed with ease. Frogs, toads, slugs and snails can also be portrayed, the two latter fully extended and in motion; if one elects to sugar an orchard tree many seasonable moths can be figured, also woodlice, earwigs and similar small deer which are attracted to the feast.

As a further example of the uses to which flashlight photography can be put, let us take the pupation of butterflies, moths and beetles. In the case of the first named the changes which take place can be figured step by step, while the larvæ are kept under observation on growing plants indoors. The species

illustrated, *P. cardui*, or the Painted Lady butterfly, was observed in this way, and though the larva was in motion the resulting record of the skin being cast shows little or no trace of movement.

Life histories of insects such as our British dragon flies can be studied in aquaria at home and facts illustrated concerning the habits of the creatures during their larval stages until, and including, the actual emergence of the perfect insects. Similarly, the numerous species of mosquitoes can be studied and figured in all their stages in purpose-made aquaria, also Coleoptera, in subterraria of the type cleverly devised by Mr. Hugh Main, so well known to entomologists.

In the photography of these small creatures it is quite practicable to work at a magnification greater than life size—maybe three or four diameters. In such cases, special precautions must be taken to avoid the effect of violent atmospheric disturbance following the spontaneous combustion of a heavy charge of powder, which shakes the apparatus and subjects to a serious extent sometimes. The "studio" should, therefore, be of adequate dimensions, and the flash fired on a receptacle disconnected from the camera and placed according to the lighting desired.

It may here be as well to issue a timely warning to would-be experimentators against careless handling and manipulation of flash powder, in which there is an immense amount of latent heat and energy. When firing by touch-paper, use a 12in. taper at least, but by far the most satisfactory method is to fire electrically. Finally, do not keep the mixed powder in a glass stoppered bottle, as the friction may cause an explosion to take place, with disastrous and possibly fatal results.

The stereoscopic worker can give his art full play, and most subjects can be dealt with successfully in this way, and when climatic conditions preclude all possibility of photographic work out of doors, an old room can be fitted out as a studio, provided it is well ventilated and easily accessible from the cages of the insect student's "zoo." Those who would follow in the footsteps of Fabre and spend their lives in the investigation of life histories of insects or even that of one tiny gnat, may rest assured there is an inexhaustible supply of work to do and life histories to illustrate. It is for them to show how far photography can be adopted to assist them in the elucidation of the problems of wild life and in lifting the veil of secrecy which seems to cover the life of many living things.

## LITERATURE

The Present State of Old English Furniture. by R. W. Symonds. (Duckworth.)

**M**R. R. W. SYMONDS has more than a knowledge, he has an apprehension, of what Old English furniture should be in both form and appearance. He knows with precision the exact details of changing shape and enrichment as one generation of cabinet-makers followed another. And he not only knows what any article did look like at its inception, but also what it does look like now as the result of the varying conditions and treatment that have since been its lot. Has there been addition or subtraction, alteration of form or ornament, destruction of original surface with recolouring and repolishing—have any of these ills befallen it or has it been one of the lucky ones that, except just for the action of friendly time and careful housewifery, has suffered on change? That, Mr. Symonds holds, in *The Present State of Old English Furniture* (Duckworth), is the culmination of good fortune. With such is the Paradise of collectors generously equipped. He is a worshipper at the temple of the Untouched Piece—nay, he is its High Priest, the Giver of its Laws wherein its design, proportion and ornamentation are merely secondary, and its quality of workmanship even tertiary matters, the first place being assigned to its present colour and the surface condition of its wood. "Patina, patina, patina," sings the full-throated choir exultingly, and then drones the dirge of the vast majority that is bereft of it:

The colour and surface condition of the wood are of supreme importance. . . . The rubbing and dusting of old bronzes over a long period of time produces a beautiful surface effect called "patina"; and old furniture, by the same process, acquires a surface condition that, to the connoisseur, constitutes its greatest asset, and makes it worthy alike of his attention and possession.

So much, we are told, does—

the possession of good patina dominate the mind of the advanced collector, that he may readily prefer a simple piece with fine patina to an important piece without it.

Beauty of form and line, goodness of proportion, excellence of workmanship are tied together in a bundle for patina in its

"supreme importance" to stand on and be better seen, though it really does not need such adventitious aids. Mr. Symonds is evidently convinced that you cannot establish a vogue without a blowing of trumpets, and he sounds them loud and long in order that his "advanced collector" may not have to tread a solitary path, but be followed or even hustled by the horde of incipient acquirers of Old English furniture as it ought to be.

Mr. Symonds is still a young man, and his knowledge is intensive rather than extensive. For specialised observation of actual pieces of furniture he is admirable. But he seems to over-estimate the thoroughness of his survey of the wider historical field of the decorative arts. The bent of his mind is towards universal definition and dogma, and this leads him into the pitfall of drawing up rules where the exceptions are almost as numerous as the examples. Thus, in speaking of the walnut furniture of the first third of the eighteenth century he lays down that "this walnut furniture relied for its decoration on the fine figure and grain of the wood" (page 39), and then, by way of example, illustrates a chair and a settee (Figs. 37 and 40), dating them respectively 1720 and 1730, where fine figured veneer is certainly present, but where the decorative effect is largely due to the right placing and high quality of carved ornament set on to the veneer. It was worked out of a sheet of walnut no more than a quarter of an inch thick and then glued so securely and delicately that not only has it withstood two centuries of wear, but the junction is so invisible that it needs a magnifying glass to reveal the fact that the veneer and the carving are not out of the same piece. To neglect all mention of this special and typical treatment of the better pieces of this period in what purports to be a comprehensive definition of its characteristics renders that definition too incomplete to be valuable. Again, we are instructed with regard to Late Charles II furniture that

These articles were veneered with walnut or inlaid with marquetry of various woods, both of which processes had no transitional phase in England: they appear suddenly, being brought bodily from abroad by the Dutch craftsmen.

As regards veneer that may be held correct, but as regards



marqueterie, if Mr. Symonds will look at Lord Lumley's inventory of 1590 he will find mention of scores of pieces of furniture "with markatre," and both in furniture and wainscoting a form of marqueterie, consisting of birds, flower sprigs or geometrical patterns of coloured woods let into the substance of the piece, was habitual in the houses of wealthy Elizabethans. It declined in favour under the first Stuarts, and when the vogue returned after the Restoration of Charles II it was different in treatment and design. It was a revival on new and imported lines, and by no means an introduction with "no transitional phase."

In order to say as much as he wants on patina and on "fakes"—that is, on what he calls in his title "the present state" of our old furniture—Mr. Symonds deals very curtly with his "historical survey." But he has not fully recognised how difficult and laborious a task it is to be curt and yet correct. A definition that is complete and yet not lengthy is almost as rare and precious a thing as an "advanced collector's" "untouched piece."

In dealing with the faker—with the smart trickery that limits decision on genuineness to the expert, and occasionally even deceives him—Mr. Symonds is much fuller; he gives himself a free rein in a region in which he is thoroughly at home. The endless ways in which the entirely new may be given the stamp of the genuine old, or a mere stump may be convincingly re-legged and re-armed and re-headed, or a plain but complete piece may have its price quadrupled by novel but well imitated enrichment—all these processes and how the experienced hand and trained eye can detect the fallacy are related for our benefit by Mr. Symonds. But we shall do well to remember that a little reading does not produce a Sherlock Holmes, and that, in our case as in Mr. Symonds', a natural aptness, reinforced with determined application, will be needed before we can sleep soundly after investing our bottom dollar in an "antique." Still, all this is very interesting matter, and the best thing of the sort that has been published. Nor are we less indebted to him for his views on "patina." If they are a little exaggerated they are none the less sound and important. The untouched piece gives us a double pleasure. It reveals the old craftsman—to meet what want or popular demand he produced various kinds of furniture; to satisfy what taste he adopted changing forms and ornament; to fulfil what yearning to excel, he sought to improve and exercise his skill. But it also delights us by the action that time and service has had upon it. It gives it a sympathetic quality dear to the artist. Yet it is a new taste. When as a lad I first took an interest in Old English furniture, it was really not quite respectable, even in the view of those who shared my taste, to admit a "shabby" piece into a drawing-room. The nasty old needlework must be replaced by the best new Utrecht velvet; the dingy woodwork must be scraped to its bare bones and then be given a looking-glass surface by an adept in the most recent developments of French polishing. What have we not lost by the mistaken attentions of these wrong-headed and uninformed pioneers of the old furniture revival? And is the race even now extinct? Does not the desire to "improve" still animate many who yet do lip service to the products of the past? Mr. Symonds' exceeding enthusiasm for the untouched piece may raise an occasional smile. But does he not rightly consider himself a crusader animated with quite excusable and indeed laudable zeal?

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

**Scapa and a Camera**, by C. W. Burrows. (London: COUNTRY LIFE, 1921; 20s.)

THE Grand Fleet Base at Scapa Flow in the Orkneys was a mystery as it was a marvel of the war. When the great call came, our biggest ships were assembled with celerity within those far-away waters. Swiftly Scapa underwent its metamorphosis from an almost shipless sea to one that teemed with abounding activity, and became thronged with all the portents of war. Never in all their wildest dreams had the inhabitants of Kirkwall thought of Scapa on such a scale—as the centre of a whole world's interest. These "storm-swept Orcades"—*terra incognita* for the most part to the outside world—came thus into prominence throughout the five years' war—a prominence intensified towards the close when the much-vaunted German Fleet, brought to Scapa for internment, was sunk so ingloriously beneath the waters of the Flow. That event, on June 21st, 1919, was the *finis* of Scapa as an active Base. One by one our ships went South, and in February, 1920, the Admiral in command hauled down his flag. Every vessel has long since departed. From the noblest battleship to the humblest tug not one is left of all that multifarious craft which gave to Scapa its immortality. Mr. C. W. Burrows, Cashier of the Dockyard Section at the Base from May, 1915, to March, 1920, has put his readers under a deep debt of gratitude by this fascinating record of the Fleet's unwearied and resolute vigil amid the Northern mists. There are no fewer than 182 reproductions of photographs showing the everyday life of the men of the Fleet—their manifold operations during wartime, as well as the lighter side of their life. Another section shows the scuttling of the German ships and subsequent salvage operations, in a series of actual photographs.

If **Winter Comes**, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. (Hodder and Stoughton.) TO be able to see both sides of a question is not always a happy thing. It is pleasanter and frequently more profitable to be able to join enthusiastically in some chorus of praise or blame, and the charity which understandeth all this is apt to be suspect by both sides. On Mark Sabre, whose story Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson sets out to tell here, it had not, as it has with some people, the effect of making him unable to follow a definite line of action. Rather, from time to time it forced him to follow the line that was least in his own interest and in accordance with convention, much to the annoyance of Mabel, his commonplace and unsympathetic wife, and of his utterly unimaginative business associates. It is a pity that we are not told what actually led up to Mark's mistaken marriage, though we know that Nona, the woman whom all his young manhood had worshipped, had married someone else only a little while before. We meet Mark already married and already jarred by his wife's narrow and conventional views and his own recoil from them. Mr. Hutchinson develops his theme with a most intimate mastery. He brings Mark's kindly, gentle, humorous nature, Mabel's sane narrowness and Nona's brilliance and courage into clear relief and shows how gradually and inevitably, in spite of Mark's attempts to understand and conciliate, Mabel and he drift apart. Mark goes to the war, and it is when he returns a cripple that a closing net of circumstances bring him to those happenings which first ruin and then re-create his life. Mr. Hutchinson has written a notable book which must add to his reputation. Its warm humanity, humour and tenderness must win upon everyone who has faith in life and in his kind, and the fact that it deals largely with those hidden tragedies and heroisms which are so common as hardly to be recognised as what they are is an added strength. It is a book to read and keep, and then read again.

**The Fool**, by H. C. Bailey. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

"THAT imponderable superfluity, grace." With what certainty we turn for it, with what gratitude we find it yet again in Mr. Bailey's pages. But *The Fool* has more than grace (though how much that is in itself only a reviewer fresh from half a dozen novels of "tushery" can perhaps appreciate fully). It has wit, wisdom and the spirit of poetry—put, for the most part, in this case, into the mouth of the Court Fool who is the connecting link between the various historic and imaginary episodes that make up the book. Mr. Bailey is a stylist in the best sense of that rather discredited word; that is to say, he does not subordinate matter to manner, but, having felt a thing intensely himself, he has pre-eminently the ability to put his emotion into a sentence that conveys it to the reader, a sentence of beautiful restraint, of complete rightness. It is perhaps unfair to uproot such a sentence from its context, but here is an example that may serve. Writing of a child in peril, a child too young to be aware of her own danger—"They say I have the evil eye," said the child solemnly. Bran put out his hand and drew her down beside him. "Your eyes are like flowers, little one." And to himself he said: "God send they do not die as soon." That, read in its proper place in the book, imparts the very thrill of tenderness to which it was written; it is the perfect fusion of soul (the thought) with mind (the style). Again, of a son who has been disloyal to the king, his father—"Oh, Bran, old Bran," the lad sobbed. "What shall I do?" "Go to your father and say unto him, 'Father'."

—He loves you well, child." Is not that admirable? A man must be very sure of his craftsmanship before he can trust himself to write only that one word 'Father,' and know that he has written enough to bring the whole lovely sentence that he has in mind welling up in our memories. Mr. Bailey is one of those rare authors who can satisfy two publics. The reader who wants plenty of exciting incident, with the pill of history served up in a most agreeable jam of narrative, will find what he wants in *The Fool*; and the reader who demands that his fiction shall be literature—"life reborn into reality through a distinguished imagination"—will find in the book qualities of mind, heart and spirit for which not even this demand is too great.

**The Trembling of a Leaf**, by W. Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

THIS volume of "Little Stories of the South Sea Islands," in spite of the publisher's well meant warning that they are not meant for "the delicate-minded reader," are very much what our writers who use the Pacific as their background have taught us to know, only remarkably well written, as might be expected. They are frank as to relationships between white men and native women, but there is nothing that the reader, however delicate minded—and nobody, of course, will confess to being indelicate minded, though some may claim to like spades to be plainly named—need approach with trembling if he has read any South Sea Islands fiction before. Indeed, compared with Mr. Maugham's own book, "The Moon and Sixpence," which was so clever that you had to overlook the pain it caused your delicacy, they are almost lightly touched in. They are rather bitter, but full of understanding and the humanity which does not condemn, in half of them the character in whom you are most interested, commits suicide and yet they are not morbid, and some of the unique beauty of life in what we have been taught to call this earthly paradise has been woven into them. Perhaps, after all, delicacy is intended to refer to lack of robustness rather than lack of decency, and here Mr. Maugham's clear comprehension of his men and women not as incarnate crimes or virtues, but as human beings fearfully and wonderfully made with many facets to their characters, should comfort the most timid reader concerning his ability to peruse their histories.

## BOOKS WORTH READING.

### TRAVEL.

*South with Scott*, by Captain E. R. G. R. Evans. (Collins, 10s. 6d.)  
*Out of the World, North of Nigeria*, by Captain Angus Buchanan, M.C. (Murray, 16s.)  
*Alone*, by Norman Douglas. (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d.)

### POETRY.

*The Island of Youth*, by Edward Shanks. (Collins, 5s.)  
*Rovings, Sea Songs and Ballads*, by C. Fox-Smith. (Elkin Mathews, 6s.)

# THE PRESENT-DAY RETRIEVER

A SHOOTING MAN'S IMPRESSIONS.



THREE WINNERS: CHAMPION BALCOMBE BOY, NORANBY CRASH AND NORANBY CAMP FIRE.

THE Golden Retriever Field Trials held last week at Godmersham Park marked the close of a busy campaign of district trials of the various retriever clubs and societies, and though the Championship scheduled for December 7th and 8th at Didlington Hall, near Brandon, Suffolk, is still to be decided, an impression of their value from the point of view of a practical shooting man may prove of interest.

Omitting the pointer and setter as indispensable for the moors, it is frequently claimed that the sporting spaniel possesses all the working qualities nowadays demanded by the man behind the gun, and while readily conceding most of the points advanced on behalf of that merry little companion of many an arduous day's shoot, one has to admit, when it comes to the question of retrieving a weighty hare or a strong running cock pheasant, over possibly one or two obstacles of the nature of a 5ft. wall or an impenetrable fence, less time is wasted and a more expeditious return with the game is assured by utilising the dog whose sole business it is to retrieve.

With a series of drives at a big shoot on a short winter's day time more often than not is the essence of the contract with one's fellow guns, and this probably accounts in a great measure

for the utilisation of the retriever at such functions. Nevertheless, the one dog shooting-man with the leisure thoroughly to appreciate and share the keen enjoyment displayed by the jolly little cocker or the springer in turning out and gathering the game on a rough shoot will not transfer his affections.

Neither the spaniel or the retriever, perhaps wisely, are called upon to exhibit the accomplishments required from the highly strung American field trial "bird" dog, a specialist, evolved with but one thought and aim, to win in the trial field, which more often than not is treeless open prairie. Such a dog, bred, reared and trained like a racehorse, often realising a similar monetary value, however spasmodically brilliant, is of no practical use to, and possibly beyond the financial horizon of, the average shooting man.

A brief mental summary of the form evidenced at this season's retriever trials leads to the regrettable conclusion that owners and handlers are losing sight of the fundamentals and attaching an exaggerated importance to pace, with a result that we, like our American cousins, are evolving a "racehorse," of but little general utility except at such trials, where dash and style are considered of more account than the essentials of nose, steadiness, perseverance, sagacity and obedience. It

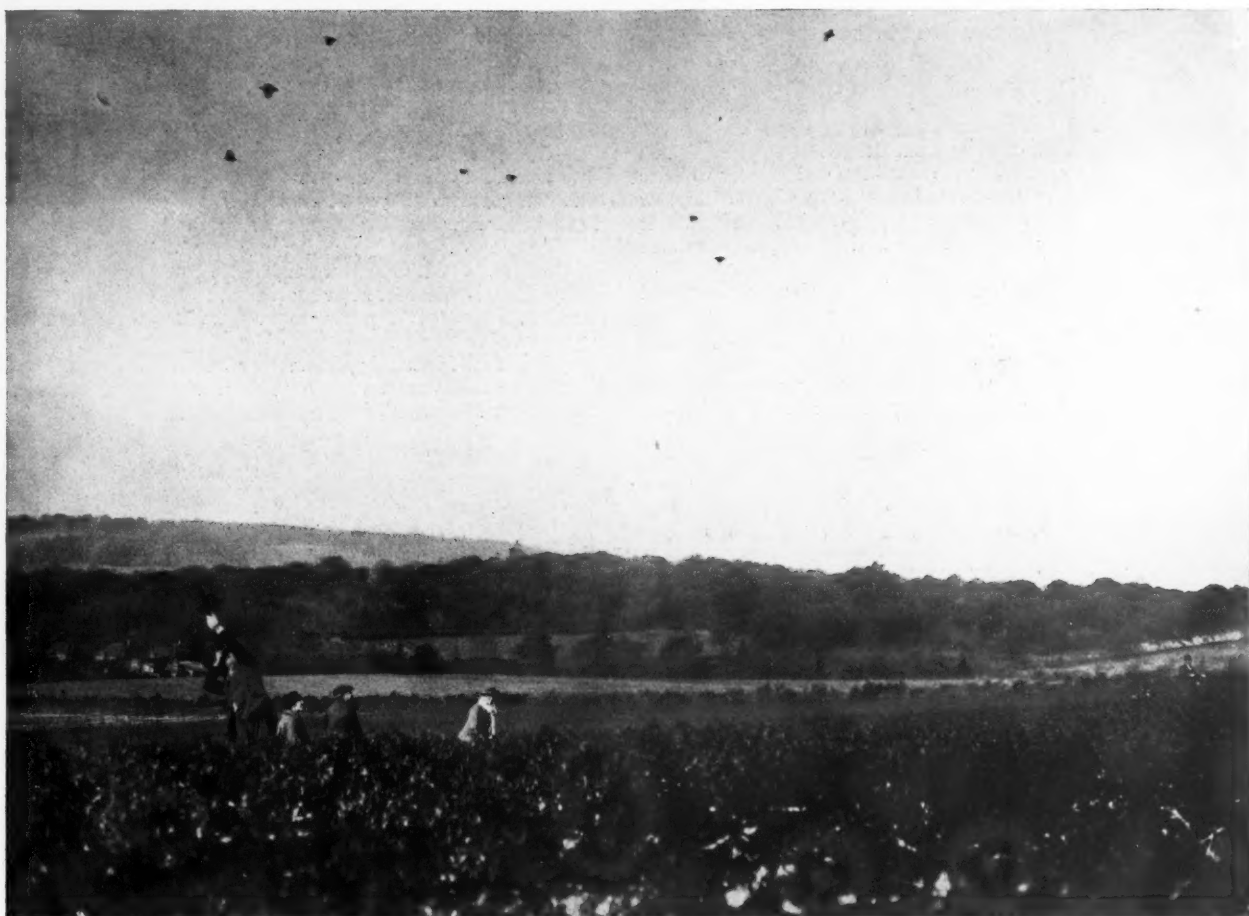


W. A. Rouch.

MRS. CHARLESWORTH'S NORANBY CAMP FIRE RETRIEVING TO HAND.

Copyright.





COMING OVER.

cannot be gainsaid that this state of affairs is attributable to the conditions now prevailing at field trials, where the fast galloping, whippet and snipey type of dog, tried out on dead birds late in the year when there is little or no cover and which invariably overruns his nose, outshines the sturdier, steadier if slower one, which gets results by devoting every faculty to working on the scent. The spectacle, recently witnessed, of these "race-horses" careering over short grass and by sight alone collecting dead birds lying in plain view and of whose flight and fall they were keenly observant cannot be conducive towards developing those qualities which the gun-dog man looks for in his canine *aide* or an owner with the best interests of the breed at heart would introduce into his kennel. That this type of dog has come to the fore cannot altogether be attributed to the owner

or handler. The owner naturally runs the dog that will bring his name into the award list, and the same admittedly erroneous principle is, of necessity, adhered to by the professional handler.

A readiness to enter and retrieve from and across water is a *sine qua non* of an efficient retriever, yet how often this season have prizes and certificates of merit been awarded to dogs declining even to look at water, much less to enter and secure the bird which the gun, without discomfort and inconvenience, is unable to do himself.

The inevitable environment of the trial field with its strange sights, scenes and scents, and more often than not the alleged lack of the last named, is often advanced as an apology for the indifferent form displayed and for an apparent loss of "nose," though one cannot help but infer that the responsibility for an



W. A. Rouch.

RETRIEVING A WINGED BIRD.

A well-trained dog at work.



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THE HON. MRS. GRIGG WITH RUFUS OF KENTFORD  
AND BOSS OF KENTFORD.

almost entire absence of the scenting faculty lies more with the "selective" breeder than with the unfortunate production.

The golden retriever presents a very handsome appearance, but its origin, like that of many other breeds, is veiled in mystery, though the late Lord Tweedmouth and Colonel the Hon. W. le Poer Trench are credited with their introduction into this country from Russia about the middle of the last century. Later the strain would appear to have been crossed with the bloodhound, but fixity of type has now been attained, and the one-time prejudice of lack of stamina and inability to withstand a hard day's work has been proved unfounded.

The most noteworthy Labrador performers at field trials this season include Titus of Whitmore and Transport of Whitmore representing Major Twyford's kennels, which in the past produced such well known champions as Ch. Tatler and Ch. Tag. Another devotee of the Labrador is Mrs. Quintin-Dick, whose kennel prefix Banchory has achieved distinction

in ring and field. Banchory Bolo is perhaps the best of the clan for field work, though Banchory Majority runs him close. North of the Tweed the Hon. J. W. Hewitt's veteran dog John, winner of the Scottish Field Trials this year, is probably the best, while Mr. C. Alington's Flashy, the winner at the Kennel Club's recent field trials, is another with a great reputation.

The accompanying illustration of winners at the Golden Retriever Trials depicts an ideal trio possessing that rare combination, good working qualities in the field, together with the desired characteristics for the show-ring.

The popularity of the golden retriever is, to a great extent, due to Mrs. W. M. Charlesworth, whose veteran dog, Noranby Camp Fire, is shown retrieving a bird to hand from a field of mustard, the scent-dispelling qualities of which invariably provide a difficult test.

The Hon. Mrs. Grigg is another enthusiast of the breed. Both these ladies work their own dogs at the trials, and in a manner equalling that of the best professional handlers.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE FORWARD SEAT IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I read with much interest Colonel McTaggart's letter on the forward seat in your issue of November 5th last. I confess he now "has me guessing," as I am, frankly, not clear in what way the forward seat differs from what is rudely known as "the monkey seat"—i.e., abnormally short stirrups. I do not agree with the statement that "a man is only jumped off when he is left behind." He is far more frequently jumped off when he is too far forward. A very slight peck on the part of his horse sends him over its head! Again, I confess, I do not understand the statement: "I have never seen a polo player that did not adopt the forward seat." Polo players, as a rule, ride rather exceptionally long (for these days), and certainly they do not ride with contact maintained with the horse's—or rather pony's—mouth; if they did the pony would very soon not possess a mouth in a horseman's meaning of the word. Still, without Colonel McTaggart's book before me I cannot go into the matter at length. Moreover, I hold no hidebound opinions on horsemanship, and I fully realise that there may probably be more than a grain of truth in the sarcastic remark of a certain distinguished foreign horseman who said to me: "You English are quite the bravest and almost the worst horsemen in Europe!"—LIONEL EDWARDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Good seats on a horse we know, and bad; but what is the "forward" or the "backward" seat? Enthusiasts hold long, theoretical arguments, the "forward" men seeming to maintain that a man must try to bite his horse's ears over every fence, the "backward" men that he must touch his horse's quarters with his shoulders. Neither seem to mind much what the horse happens to be doing at the time. What does the "forward" man do when his horse blunders on to his nose over a blind drop, or when riding a sticky youngster at an obstacle he does not like the look of? or the "backward" man when his horse takes off a pace too soon or drops his quarters into an unseen ditch on landing? These two questions will show why the younger school is backward in coming forward. The nine months' course at the Cavalry School at Netheravon for the four or five years before the war was probably the most scientific and practically thorough training any horseman could go through. Riding young untrained and half-trained horses, being grounded before all on a blanket, mostly without reins, at all paces and over obstacles, knocked any theories about either forward or backward seats out of the heads of the younger school. The ideal of the horseman is, I take it, that he should have such a seat that he can ride his horse and force him to his will whatever the horse may be doing at the time; an independent seat it is called, I believe. Such a seat will enable the rider so to balance his weight that it will least interfere with his mount at any and all times. This can only be attained after long suffering on a blanket and without reins, certainly not from books or the written word. It solves the question of stirrups, as such a horseman will automatically find his right length according to his shape, his horse's shape, and the nature of the work to be done.

The stirrups will be of a length to fit the man, not the man the stirrups. It solves the question of forward or backward, as sometimes the rider will, unconsciously, take one position, sometimes the other, according to the needs of the horse. I think I am correct in saying that the forward on landing position originated (in England) at Netheravon, but the way of it was this. When show jumping came we could not compete with Continental horsemen who had specialised in this branch of riding. Young officers were sent to Saumur and to Pinerolo to find out why. We found that our mistake lay in riding these special obstacles as if we were out hunting, and that the two were very different. We found that the series of jumps, close together, to be taken at Olympia, for instance, were not hunting jumps and were about as much as a horse could negotiate without the slightest touch, and that if he were to do so with the minimum number of faults his loins must be clear of all weight, as most faults were made behind and not in front. We found that the officers who specialised, in order to give this freedom to their horses' loins, put their weight above the hips, right forward from the time when the horse had taken off to when he landed. The whole object was to clear the jump; owing to the comparatively slow pace, landing problems presented little difficulty. Just as our hunting seat is not right for show jumping, so the reverse holds good; the differences between the two are obvious. Although at Netheravon the officers were 'chasing, hunting, playing polo and show jumping, I never heard the show jumping seat discussed as a hunting or any other seat, even after the port had circulated. The finest instance of horsemanship I think I have ever seen was the way Rees gathered Shaun Spadah together when the horse blundered badly on to his nose at the water in this year's National. I saw the whole incident very clearly, and also talked to Rees about it the evening after; had his weight been on the horse's shoulders, had he not been in exactly the right place, back in this case, Shaun Spadah must have fallen and lost the race. Had the horse, however, dropped his quarters into the water instead of overjumping himself I have not the slightest doubt that it would have found Rees forward, with his weight off the horse's loins. I am so certain because I have seen that happen also. After all, a man cannot tell much beforehand what mistake his horse is going to make; his correction must be a matter of instinct, another word for long training, and not rule of thumb learnt from books. This instance is taken from 'chasing and not hunting, but the former is much the same as the latter; being racing pace over big fences, the correct positions are more exaggerated and therefore more clearly seen; the difference between the two is not the difference between hunting and show jumping. Knowing some of the upholders of both seats, it is remarkable how much alike they ride out hunting, and how like ordinary mortals they take their fences.—S. L. WALL, Captain.

### HIDEOUS HOUSES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The correspondent in your issue of October 29th does well to draw attention to the inappropriate building in the Highlands which obtrudes itself so unpleasantly on lovers

of that beautiful country. It is all too true. From Durness, cold of climate and inhospitable enough to have no inn, to genial Arran, the same unsightly buildings are arising, a few at the hands of official bodies, but mostly privately built. Certainly the picturesque old cottages, such as those at Mallaigvaig, Glenuig, and indeed most of the crofting districts, have outlived their day and must be replaced. It is equally true of cottages on Exmoor or in the Blackmore Vale, but it is not essential that their successors should be hideous. This callousness as to appearance seems to be at least partly due to the custom, ever increasing, of factoring estates by legal and estate agents' firms in the big cities. The same thing is noticeable south of the Border. The practice no doubt has advantages, but it has the disadvantage that the actual people dealing with estate management are not in close or sympathetic touch with the countryside. It has certainly a bad effect on the relations of landlord and tenant, and is frequently responsible for the bad type of buildings erected. The managing firm have to show as good a balance-sheet as possible. When new buildings are required, skilled advice is seldom sought. Type plans from some Government manual or shilling Book of Cottages are estimated for by a local builder, or sometimes the estate agents' firms advertise an architectural department, who carry out such work. The line of the least resistance is to accept what the builder offers. Not infrequently this consists of imported materials, which appear at first sight to be more readily available and cheaper. It is doubtful, however, if the imported material is really cheaper, especially if durability is counted. The West Highlands present some building difficulties, particularly since the war, but with knowledge and adequate trouble it should be possible to build houses both serviceable and comely with local material; but this is the crux of the business—it is more trouble. For Government housing on the North Devon coast, which is swept by rain and gales from the Atlantic and is therefore somewhat similar, the writer investigated all the new-fangled constructions and nostrums for cheap houses, and found that houses well built of local material were actually cheaper. They are now built and will certainly outlive the flimsy constructions which are springing up all over the country. The building traditions of any district have usually much to commend them and are not to be lightly thrown aside. In the recent housing movement a certain amount of interest in such matters was stirred up by such men as Lord Salvesen in Edinburgh and Mr. Maurice Hewlett in the Wilton district, but it was all too rare, and, unfortunately, has not yet made its appearance in the Western Highlands.—B. N. H. ORPHOOT.

### A KINGFISHER INDOORS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A kingfisher flew in at an open window here in Shropshire, on November 11th, and I think it must be rather an unusual occurrence. It was caught and put under a sieve and some fatty meat with it, which it promptly ate, and was then liberated and flew off none the worse. About 7 ins. of snow fell a few days ago and very severe frosts have occurred since, which may account for it. The brook where one sometimes sees kingfishers is about 300 yds. away.—H. D. GREENE.



## LEG ROWING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you two snapshots which I took the other day of the "leg-rowers" on the Lake in the Southern Shan States, Burma. For a large boat there are as many as nine rowers, five in front and four at the back of the rough-hewn dug-out. With long practice they can attain a considerable speed. It is probable that among the Burmese sports arranged for the Prince of Wales during his visit to Burma early in January, races will



"KICK, KICK TOGETHER."



THE LEG ROWERS OF BURMA.

take place on the lakes in Rangoon between teams of these quaint and picturesque rowers.—  
CE. N. SPENCER.

## INSECTS AS FOOD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The idea of insects as human food may seem strange to many readers, but it is a fact that the palate of man is not everywhere averse from this form of diet. The ancient Greeks and Romans were people of refined tastes, yet they did not object to including various insects in their menus. To them, cicadas, the cossus and locusts were delicacies, and loudly did their poets sing their praises. At the present time insects are eaten by many different races. The Arabs partake freely of locusts, which were the support of John the Baptist in the Wilderness. The traveller Hasselquist, when at Mecca, found that the Arabs ground locusts in their handmills or pounded them in mortars of stone, thus converting them into a species of flour. This flour, duly mixed with water, was worked into dough, being finally made into cakes and baked. The Hottentots revel in a feast of these insects, regarding them as a most delectable dainty. Various kinds of caterpillars are consumed by the Bushmen of Africa, the Blackfellows of Australia, and the Chinese. The Chinese use in the same manner the pupa of the silk moth after the silk has been removed.

The "kungu-cake," mentioned by Livingstone as being eaten by certain African natives, is composed of a species of mayfly and gnats. The huge larvae of certain beetles are also eaten in those countries where they abound, and on the Amazon the sauba ant is obtained in huge quantities and devoured without any kind of preparation. Many other instances might be mentioned did space permit. It is likely, however strange it may seem to us, that, to people who eat such creatures with relish, our habit of eating shellfish, especially live oysters, seems no less peculiar.—CLIFFORD W. GREATORREX.

## THE HABITS OF THE LITTLE OWL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During a boating holiday on the Thames last August we tied up for the night above Abingdon. Our boat was run in under some willows, and, after watching a wonderful sunset after a heavy rainstorm, we made ourselves comfortable for the night, rolling up the tarpaulin that covered the boat so as to have more air. The night was clear and bright, although the moon was hidden behind a few light clouds. We sat and chatted until the twilight had changed to night, listening to the hooting of some tawny owls in a near-by grove of trees. The willows above us had been pollarded, but the growth was very bushy. Suddenly we heard a scrambling among the leafy screen overhead, and a little owl flew out and perched upon the rolled up tarpaulin; six more followed, but these did not perch upon the tarpaulin, but flew straight into our faces, beating us with their wings, evidently resenting our presence there. The assaults were so determined and so rough that we tried in vain to avoid the blows of the small wings that struck our faces with surprising force. It was impossible to drive off the little combatants, so we hastily lowered the tarpaulin and retreated under it, leaving the owls on the outside. Of course, if we had used force we could have beaten them off, but, naturally, we did not wish to injure them in any way. We heard them calling to each other and moving about as they perched on the tarpaulin for some time after we had retreated, but as we did not show ourselves again outside the tarpaulin they apparently flew off. We wondered whether the owls had nestlings in the pollard willows and they were defending their young ones from what they thought was an attack upon their strongholds. As far as we could see, the owls were all of the same size, so that if they belonged to one family they were all fully fledged. A search in the willows the next morning did not reveal any sign of a nest, although a considerable quantity of pellets were found under several of the trees. All searching left the mystery of the attack a mystery still, and as we moved further up the Thames during the day we had no chance of seeing if the attack would be resumed in the evening.—H. T. C.

## AN INTERESTING OLD CHEST.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Can you or any of your correspondents throw light on the history of the chest or iron safe shown in the accompanying photographs? It is about 2ft. high by 3ft. long and very heavy, it being as much as two men can do to carry it. The lock is a most complicated arrangement of springs and bolts occupying the whole area of the lid, no fewer than thirteen steel bolts holding it down when the key is turned. The keyhole is in the centre of the lid. The lock on the front is merely decorative, and is not a real one. The safe was found in a solicitor's office, where it had been for the last thirty or forty years, beyond which its history is lost in an atmosphere of dust and parchments. Its appearance and massiveness suggest, however, that its original purpose may have been other than to hold legal documents! Have any of your correspondents met with a similar specimen?—FRANCES PITT.

[We sent our correspondent's letter to Mr. Van de Goote, who writes: "The interesting iron chest described by your correspondent was made in the sixteenth century by German ironworkers. They are not uncommon, and are popularly known as 'Armada' chests, the story being that they were retrieved or even washed up from the wrecks of the Spanish navy in 1588. There is no doubt they were used as depositories for plate, money, jewels and documents, though the Armada origin is, of course, very debatable. A specimen almost identical with that belonging to Miss Pitt is exhibited with the ironwork in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. The only external difference is that the Museum example has but one band of bolts or rivets on front and sides, while on the inside there



A SIXTEENTH CENTURY "ARMADA" CHEST.

is an ornamental plate covering the levers of the lock-bolts. This plate, however, is not always present in the Armada chests, which otherwise are all much of the same pattern. The South Kensington specimen is decorated with paintings of flowers, ships and trees. Its dimensions are: Height, 1ft. 7ins.; length, 3ft.; width from back to front, 1ft. 6½ins."—Ed.]

## ARE RATS SUSCEPTIBLE TO MUSIC?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was walking lately near a small trout stream in Dorset, whistling, when suddenly I noticed a young water rat running towards me, stopping every now and again to listen. It seemed curiously fascinated by the noise, so I stood quite still till it was up to my feet, then bent down slowly to catch it, still whistling. As I hate rats I hesitated, and in so doing gave it time to run off. I returned in an hour or so. Once again I approached whistling. It was sitting in midstream washing itself on a flat stone, but stopped its toilet to watch me. I crossed to the opposite bank and sat down in a low willow tree to see what it would do. Then I began to sing softly. It swam across and sat on the edge of the bank to dry itself and eat, and so I caught it and kept it till evening.—P. OAKES.

## WHAT THE MAST HEADSMAN SEES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—This interesting photograph was taken from the crossrees of Sir Charles Allom's racing cutter, *White Heather*. It is interesting as showing the graceful deck lines of this, perhaps, the most beautiful cutter in the world. Her powerful quarter is found by this bird's-eye view to be after all as graceful on plan as a salmon. The owner, Sir Charles Allom, is seen directing the sight line of the camera, as the mast headsmen could not lean sufficiently over to get his view in the finder.—YACHTSMAN.



"WHITE HEATHER" FROM THE CROSSREES.

## SUPPORTING THE DEVIL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the "Devil's Den," near Marlborough, so called because of the legend connected with it that if water



THE DEVIL'S DEN.

be poured into the hollow on the top at midnight, it will be gone by morning, drunk by the fiend. The illustration shows it as it looked on the completion of the late repairs. It is interesting to note the contrast in durability between this ancient monument, dating, no doubt, from the Bronze Age, and the present day structure.—E. E. G. BRADBURY, B. House, Marlborough.

## POISONOUS LABURNUM SEEDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The letter on this subject in November 12th issue sent my thoughts flying back over a space of nearly half a century. My father at that time rented a farm in Shropshire and his three eldest children would perhaps be about eight, seven and six years old respectively. These three small girls one day gave my mother a great fright by running in from their play in the garden and saying they felt very ill.

The first question asked was had they been eating anything? "Yes." What had they been eating? "Some little beans"; and going to the garden with my mother they pointed to a laburnum tree. They were immediately given warm mustard and water to drink and made to run round a clothes-horse until such time as the secret history of the "little beans" should be completely revealed! I do not think there were any further ill effects.—C. J. C.

## THE MOOR OR WATER HEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have been much interested in your article on the moorhen in COUNTRY LIFE of November 5th, and as these birds are usually so very shy I thought that it might interest you to know that there are five here who live on the lawn in front of my house. They made a nest about two years ago in some old moats at the end of the lawn about 60yds. away where there was ample cover, and were then exceedingly shy. This year the moats are dry, and they have come out to a round, artificial, concreted pond, about 10yds. to 15yds. in diameter, in the middle of the lawn, and spend the whole of the day hunting for grubs and insects on the lawn, and taking an occasional swim in the pond. They do not mind other people on the lawn, or even tennis being played at the other end of it, but they seem to object to dogs. They will at times come almost under the windows. I believe that with care and time, when food is scarcer, one could feed them by hand. I had some wild duck here two or three years ago which used to eat out of the hand, and were quite wild birds which had taken up their abode in the moats; but when they began to walk into the house and eat up all the water lily bulbs in the pond we had to kill them. I have had two herons on the lawn within the last fortnight; one of them remained till eleven o'clock in the morning, being finally chased off by a cat.—H. B. TATE.

## HOW TO CATCH A LEOPARD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The photograph depicts a leopard trap prepared by members of the West African Mende tribe. It is similar in detail to the box trap commonly used by our English gamekeepers to catch vermin on their preserves. The rough dimensions are about 5ft. by 2ft. and height 2ft. 6ins. Stout stakes are driven into the ground on a rectangular plan, a falling door held up by a lever with a cord made from some climbing plant is passed through the covered top of the trap and arranged inside so that "spots" will touch it off when he goes inside to get the bait which, by the way, is placed at the opposite end of the trap in a separate compartment, so that a useful young goat or a promising puppy is not wasted on the animal trapped. When a leopard is caught the owners of the trap introduce a spear point between its staked sides and very soon a



A WEST AFRICAN LEOPARD TRAP.

fine leopard *kanda* (skin) is being offered to the nearest Europeans at as exorbitant a price as the grinning natives think they can extort.—SYDNEY H. SMITH.

## HOW LORD DERBY WON ANOTHER LIVERPOOL CUP

### SOME NOTES ON THE DERBY CUP

LORD DERBY has most reason to be satisfied over the result of the race last week for the Liverpool Cup. This, no doubt, is as it should be since he is the greatest of all supporters of racing at Liverpool and his local associations and far-reaching influence in the County Palatine are too well known to call for any emphasis here. Those who write on racing matters for the papers had not prepared the way for the victory of his mare *Crevasse*. Have they, indeed, prepared the public for any of the winners of big races this year? It may be, of course, that a discerning public, with little more than a superficial knowledge of racing, does not call for newspaper inspiration, but, on the whole, I think it does. Take the case, for instance, of *Tishy*. Supposing *Crevasse* had been written up in the same exuberant way she would assuredly have been at a short price for the race she won; the public would have benefited by her success and the bookmakers who have done so well on the big races would have had to disgorge for once in a way; while I am sure that Lord Derby's pleasure would have been infinitely the greater. He was delighted, for instance, when *Harrier*, a day or two before, won the Lancashire Handicap, knowing the horse had been a good favourite and the public had enjoyed a good race.

The case of *Crevasse* calls for some explanation, because, although the well known colours were successful on the home course, the victory nevertheless was not really a popular one. The form of the mare did not suggest that she would be good enough. Over a year ago she was a good mare, and I recall a race she ran on this same course when she came awfully near to beating her stable companion, *Archaic*, who was a high-class horse indeed, and had finished second for the Derby. King's *Idler* also ran in the race, and on what *Crevasse* showed us that day she should certainly have won this Cup with only 7st. 7lb. as her burden. But in the long interval her form had not been good. She did not run this season until the beginning of October, and then she took part in that race at Nottingham which was to try out North Waltham and Front Line, only the latter was not started. However, *Crevasse* could do no better than finish sixth of seven, and when, after that she was beaten by the three year old, *The Winter King*, at Newmarket, receiving 2lb., a fair inference was that she had trained off. That is why she was not taken seriously by the public and why they did not profit by her success. Yet on this different going—if the truth were known I have no doubt that this is the real explanation of her return

to form and the reason why nothing was seen of her in public until October—she showed herself to be quite excellent in every sense. She is said to have astonished her jockey (*Donoghue*), who had ridden her in the other two races I have referred to, by the speed she showed. You can imagine, then, how surprised were onlookers familiar with her form when they saw her race through the big field and into a pronounced lead which she never looked like losing.

Apparently, therefore, the best horse won the race. Did it really? I doubt it very much. If you ask those that backed *Blue Dun*, who was second, I have no doubt what the answer will be. They will say that she got the worst of the start, that she was badly hampered in running, and that as it was she only got through because her jockey when it was too late brought her round the field on the outside. Admittedly she got into a tangle and must have covered lengths more than the winner, so that it is not easy to quarrel with those who maintain that the favourite was unlucky. But there were a whole tribe of unlucky ones and when the jockeys came back it was to pour out all sorts of tales of woe. What, for instance, of *Leighton*? Like *Blue Dun* and *Franklin*, he was very badly drawn, and in such a big field as this was, on a course round turns, the worst positions at the start did undoubtedly make a big difference. Apart, however, from that fact we have the evidence of *Leighton's* jockey that the horse was hopelessly boxed in and hampered at a time when he should have been racing with the leaders and endeavouring to win his race on fair and equal terms, he was extraordinarily unlucky, and so was *Franklin*, who might just as well have stayed in his comfortable straw bed. It is odd to think how *Leighton* was never beaten as a two year old, while this season he has not won a race. He started a tremendously backed horse for the Derby, in which he had every chance, but he could do no more than finish fifth and give the idea that he was only a mile and a quarter horse. He was second at Ascot in an attempt to give 22lb. to *Plymstock*, which was scarcely surprising in the light of what we have learned since about *Plymstock*, and it is well within memory how he was only beaten a short head for the Cambridgeshire.

*Leighton* is still in the Manchester November Handicap, and he might, of course, win it, but it is possible that the distance will prove too far for him. I shall not believe in his capacity to stay until I have seen it demonstrated in public. I lost faith in him in that respect in the Derby. A correspondent, writing to me from Yorkshire, suggests in the light of the result of the



Liverpool race that the Cambridgeshire form must be bad. I am inclined to agree with him even after making some allowance for the bad luck to which I have been referring. Suppose we take the latest form as it stands, then it is at once apparent that the form of the big Newmarket handicap is distinctly moderate, for here at Liverpool we had the second and third unplaced, while Abbot's Trace and Fancy Man, were again readily accounted for. Milenko is far from being a good horse, and for a horse like Orpheus to finish where he did with the impossible burden of rostr. on his back shows that those in front of him, receiving a great deal of weight, could not be really good ones. It remains to be seen whether the Liverpool Cup form will prove of any permanent value. On the face of it I am inclined to distrust it, as the element of luck, or ill-luck, call it what you will, was undoubtedly introduced to an inordinate degree. Should Blue Dun go on and win the Manchester November Handicap in anything like style, then it will be proof positive that she ought to have won the race we have been discussing. It will not convince me that Crevasse is one out of the ordinary. One might almost say that Evander ought to have won, and certainly there is no knowing what Leighton could have done had the fates been kind to him.

This week-end there is the race for the Derby Cup, and I suppose the best and safest tip one can make is to say that the favourite will be beaten. Why not? Have not favourites ceased to win big races? One wonders why they are favourites at all, except that something must be favourite. I recall the story of one old character on the Turf who could never back the winner of the last race of the day, and after one particularly hard punch, coming on the top of many others, he lamented and deplored the fact that there was any necessity to have a last race at all!

It is not settled at the time of writing what horse will represent Lord Derby. He had no fewer than seven left in after the declaration of forfeit, but I do not suppose that either Harrier, Redhead or Crevasse will run. Their absence will, therefore, enable Donoghue to take the mount on a fancied animal. It was said a day or two ago that he might be on the back of North Waltham. This is the horse on which he won the Newbury Autumn Handicap the other day. It is settled now, however, that he is likely to ride Lord Quex for Sir Robert Jardine. This

is the horse I saw running pretty well behind Harrier at Liverpool, and it would be a point in his favour and an indication that he is genuinely fancied were Donoghue to take the ride. Reference to the book shows that the horse has run very little this season. He won a race on the first day of the season. He did not run again until the Manchester Cup, and he was a fair fourth in what was a high-class handicap field. His third and only other outing was behind Harrier on the occasion referred to, and altogether I am inclined to take his candidature quite seriously. There is much talk of Devizes, but I never care much, as a rule, for horses that have been through a Cesarewitch preparation. Still, rules do not seem to count in this extraordinary season. Franklin could not perform round the turns at Liverpool, and I fail to see, therefore, why he should do so much better on this course of very pronounced turns. Holbeach will be ridden by Frank Bullock, but I do not think Bucks will be called on for duty. Sir Abe Bailey will rely instead on Tishy, who will have to win a race like this one to earn forgiveness for her ludicrous Cesarewitch escapade. I do not think she has any chance at Derby, but I could not help noticing the speed she showed in that race at Liverpool won by Harrier, and she finished right alongside Lord Quex, who for some reason is expected to improve so much on that form. Aymestry must be borne in mind, especially should he be the sole runner from Mr. Dawson's stable, which also has Franklin in the race. I expect there will be a big field, and there will be the usual scrimmaging round the turns. I do not suggest that it is a race to bet on, and therefore it is with much diffidence that I say the pointers in favour of Lord Quex should not be allowed to go entirely disregarded.

On Saturday of this week-end it will be most interesting to be at Hurst Park and see the meeting of the good two year olds—Sicyon, Scamp, Lembach, Royal Bucks and one or two others. I daresay Sicyon will be favourite, and I shall be surprised should he not win, though I may add that this is not the view of those associated with Lembach and Scamp. It will be a race well worth seeing and will do much to clear up the question as to which is the best of the two year old colts. We know that Golden Corn is the best of her age, but she is a filly. It is not so certain as to which is the best of the colts, though there is an idea that it is in the stable of Mr. S. B. Joel, and most probably it is Sicyon. PHILIPPOS.

## SOME STUART FURNITURE

DECORATIVE FURNITURE. AN ANCIENT GREEK LIBATION CUP.

TO Mr. Percy Macquoid we owe the convenient classification of English furniture—the Ages of Oak, Walnut, Mahogany and Composite. Of oak, from early times we had plenty and to spare, whereas our walnut was imported until the English walnut trees grew large enough to provide timber of sufficient size. Although Henry VIII possessed an ornate walnut bedstead carved, partly painted and gilt, as well as a low folding one, the Age of Walnut was in its prime during the reigns of Charles II, William and Mary, and that of the last Stuart Queen. To her period may be assigned the splendid *secrétaire* illustrated herein, the property of Messrs. Hampton and Sons of Pall Mall East. It is wonderfully designed for its purpose. The lower part, stands on bracket feet of somewhat unusual form. Above it a folding down flap discloses drawers, cupboard, recess and a row of pigeon-holes, surmounted by an ovolo drawer and cornice; the whole is of most mellow colour. It has the most practical advantage, in these days, of occupying little space, the dimensions being: Height, 5ft 9ins.; width, 3ft. 3ins.; depth, 1ft. 9ins. To the reign of William and Mary belongs a very fine grandfather clock of walnut marqueterie. Its door is inlaid with vases of tulips, roses, carnations anemones and other flowers; the dial bears a silvered numeral plate and corners of rich metal ornamentation; while the top has a wonderful pediment suggestive of a roof.

Decorative furniture, porcelain, Eastern rugs and carpets are to be disposed of at Messrs. Christie's on November 24th. The furniture includes a fine Louis XV marqueterie commode, inlaid with branches of flowers and having ormolu mounts with a veined grey marble slab; a pair of marqueterie commodes with folding doors, the front inlaid with baskets of flowers; a cabinet mounted with plaques of Limoges enamel of scriptural and mythological subjects, dated 1562, and a shrine set with a Limoges enamel plaque painted with the Adoration of the Magi; a Boulle dwarf cabinet inlaid with arabesques in brass and red tortoiseshell with ormolu mounts, and two Louis XVI clocks in white marble cases, the one having Apollo and Cupid at the sides and ormolu borders chased with rosettes and foliage, the other decorated with ormolu festoons of

flowers surmounted by figures of Venus and Cupid with a lyre. A dinner and dessert service of Derby porcelain, consisting of about a hundred pieces, decorated with flowers and foliage in red, blue and gold; a pair of *famille-verte* vases and covers enamelled with flowers, vases and utensils, and beautiful Persian faience are among the ceramics, while the textiles include some English embroideries.



A BEAUTIFUL QUEEN ANNE SECRETAIRE.

A magnificent example of the patera or libation cup used by the Greeks of the fourth or third century before Christ, comes up for auction at Messrs. Sotheby's on November 23rd. Of massive silver, it weighs over 12 ozs., and is shaped as a shallow dish, the under part being decorated with fifty-two leaves in relief, richly chased and radiating from a central rosette. This with the alternate underlying leaves and a fillet which separates the lip

from the rest of the exterior is parcel gilt. The ornamentation is placed so that it can best be seen when the cup is raised on high or emptied in libation. It is the property of Lady Harcourt-Smith. At the same sale are exposed a Chinese bronze sacrificial vase of the Chow Dynasty (1122-255 B.C.), fine examples of Persian ceramics of the twelfth to the fifteenth century, early Greek vases, interesting Egyptian statuary, a series of Indian sculptures of the second or third century, from Muttra, and a number of Ghorian ware celadon dishes. On November 24th and the following day they sell printed books and manuscripts.

Part of the possessions of the Farington family (Joseph Farington, R.A., 1747-1821) which was bequeathed to the late Miss M. L. E. Tyrwhitt of Northwood Lodge, Wallington, was dispersed by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on November 11th. It included an old English sweetmeat glass with shaped funnel bowl, moulded with trellis pattern on a baluster stem with three knobs and domed and folded foot; a Waterford small goblet on square base, inscribed "Saluta a quie che sono Contane"; Waterford candlesticks and other glass.

On November 9th Messrs. Robinson, Fisher and Harding, Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, sold decorative furniture, textiles and works of art. £110 5s. was paid by Mr. S. James for a fine carved gilt suite of Louis XVI design covered in Beauvais tapestry representing *Æsop's Fables*, gardeners and pastoral subjects, while a panel of seventeenth century tapestry showing Diana with attendants in a foliage background with huntsman, dogs and stag, Actæon, in a border of fruit and flowers brought £89 5s. (Hibberd.)

Books with fine coloured plates, fine modern books and a few rare old books came under the hammer at Messrs. Hodgson and Co.'s rooms, 115, Chancery Lane, W.C. Here were a splendid copy of Alken's "The National Sports of Great Britain," coloured title (dated 1821) and fifty fine coloured plates, in contemporary morocco gilt (1823); the Kelmscott Press "Chaucer"; a number of works dealing with the French Revolution and Napoleon; and books of an earlier age, such as the second edition of More's "Utopia," 1518, and Montanus' "Touchynge the good orderynge of a Common weale," 1559.

D. VAN DE GOOTF.

# A CHAT ABOUT PHEASANTS.—I

BY MAX BAKER.

BEING desirous of straightening out some tangles in my mind concerning certain aspects of pheasant preservation, I sought a conference with Mr. Gerald Martin, partner of the late Mr. Robb of the Liphook Game Farm. The present location of this interesting undertaking is Stoughton, near Emsworth, Hants. By a series of coincidences the estate has long been familiar to me, for, fully twenty-five years ago, I went all over the ground in company with one who had just taken over the shooting rights; and, again, some ten years later, enjoyed some capital sport as guest of the late Mr. Horace Cox, who had taken a large share in the shooting. There was, therefore, no necessity to convince me as to its eminent suitability for the purpose to which it is now being put.

Since the area is no less than 1,500 acres, it certainly gratifies Mr. Martin's desire for spaciousness. Being disposed on the two sides of a warm and sheltered valley running approximately north and south, it comprises a highly cultivated area down the centre, capped with coverts on one side and, on the other, with chalk downs plentifully besprinkled with juniper bushes, between and among which bolting rabbits set a difficult task to the gunner. Formerly an outlying part of the West Dean estate, the freehold is now the property of the firm. A relatively small acreage is utilised at any one time for the rearing of game, the remainder being farmed in the ordinary way. Crop rotation here finds an interesting variation, for when a given area has carried pheasants for a couple of years it is handed over to the farmer free of insect pests, besides being in a high state of fertility. As this article does not aim at recording the *minutiae* of pheasant farming, the more general items of our conversation may now be presented.

Everybody is agreed that wild-bred pheasants have done remarkably well during the war, and one naturally wonders, having regard to altered conditions, to what extent temporary reliance on their efforts may become permanent, also whether the pheasant farm is in a position to render acceptable services under the present slack conditions? According to Mr. Martin, there is not the sharp distinction which many imagine to exist between the wild and artificially reared pheasant. There is also no marvel in the success of the wild pheasant during a time when it enjoyed the food and roaming space previously allotted to three times the number. It was bound to do well, just as, by contrast, partridges have gone back in consequence of the cessation of driving and the absence of most of our best shots—men who could be relied upon to kill the first bird over the fence, hence inevitably the increased proportion of old birds. According to him, pheasants must not be regarded as an entirely gratuitous product of the land, for where the ground is properly kept they are apt to exist in inconvenient number, with the result that unless artificially provided with the necessary grain at the critical periods for the farmer, seed-setting and grain-ripening, they become an undoubted nuisance. Give them help at these times, and they do nothing but good for the rest of the year.

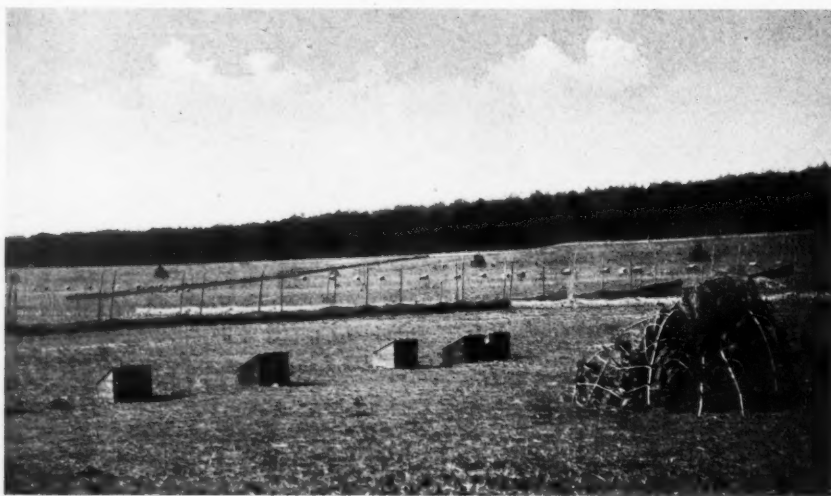
"In goes a penny, up gets a guinea, and down comes three-and-six" is an aphorism which has probably done more harm to the cause of game preservation than any other single item. It propagates the idea that the pheasant represents a wasteful expenditure whose meagre commercial return is only balanced by an abnormal valuation of the sporting amenities resulting. Nowadays we know that the cartridge costs 2d. and the dead pheasant fetches 7s.—always excepting market gluts in hot weather. Who, then, will question that the middle item

has gone up to the conventional double cost? So it has, but the query is: Double what? Early eggs have this year cost 2s. each, say, during the month of April, after that 1s. 6d., and gradually descending till by June 1st they reached 1s. Pre-war prices varied from £5 per 100 maximum to £2 minimum. Thus egg prices have closely followed the fashion. During the war broody hens cost 14s., but that item has slumped to 7s. 6d., subject to 2s. 6d. rebate on account of subsequent sale. Supposing each hen goes down on seventeen eggs and that fifteen chicks go to covert, each must be debited with 4d. for the services of its foster-mother. Feeding on the rearing field is less easy of analysis, there being much controversy among keepers as to whether or not seeds with unlimited water to drink are preferable to cooked food. In the former the cost is possibly higher, but the losses fewer, except in the hands of the most skilful keepers; for nearly all casualties occur at this stage, being the result of over-feeding. If over-feeding occurs with seed, no harm is done beyond the waste of good food, for what the linnets and sparrows do not take is still sweet later on in the day if picked up by the young birds, whereas cooked food will have turned sour. It seems to be a case of six on one side and half a dozen on the other, so no one is likely to allege serious error when 3s. to 3s. 6d. is set down as the rearing-field expense per chick up to the time they are taken to covert. The account can be checked by a species of double-entry book-keeping, for this particular farm was prepared at the time of my visit to supply well grown cocks, ready for turning down, at 7s. to 8s. per head. This figure includes rent, services, interest on capital and several other charges which do not occur in the balance sheet of the preserver already committed to what may be termed the dead charges. Cheaper in comparison are the adult birds which have finished their career in the aviaries. Prejudice notwithstanding, they offer equal sporting opportunities, but command a lower price when sent to market.

The system of stocking preserves with turned-down birds would be more general if the conditions essential to success were better understood. Such birds are reputed to be bad flyers, this in forgetfulness of the fact that no pheasant ever did fly unless it knew where it was flying to. An interim of at least three weeks is necessary to accustom such birds to their new surroundings; in that time they make remarkable progress in growth, due to the abundant insect fare available, so that their cost for supplementary food should not exceed a penny per bird per week. Accepting the authority behind these assertions, here, then, is one way in which the pheasant farm may prove useful to those who command the accommodation, but have not the staff for continuous care and attention. I need not recite the other incentives.

Another use for turned-down birds is worth particular notice at the present time when so many minor estates are deprived of the services of a skilled keeper, but still contain some nice accommodation for pheasants. By January the slender stock has usually evaporated, but it can be replenished by the turning down of fifty or so hens, preferably two year olds—that is, birds which are due for their second laying. All the attention they need is a little corn scattered in the spinneys; this will keep them at home, so that in due course the normal production of wild birds, five per brood, will ensure a nice result at minimum cost. The success of this procedure depends entirely on the health, age, and general quality of the stock birds obtained.

In viewing the paraphernalia of this farm I could not help recalling the many occasions when keepers have told me they could pick up off their own ground all the eggs they required.



WINTER QUARTERS.



THE HEAD KEEPER.



How, then, I asked, can a pheasant farm find customers? The reply was that eggs gathered on private ground do not as a rule show such a high percentage of fertility nor are the chicks as strong as those emanating from the picked stock of a pheasant farm. Keepers, moreover, understand the advantage of setting batches from eggs laid on the same day, a condition which can only be realised when supplies are drawn from a stock of not less than 1,000 penned birds. There are other points, such as the

exclusion of frosted and small eggs, and, finally, the plentiful admixture of new blood. The game farmer, having no shooting to occupy his attention, concentrates his whole art on the upkeep of health and stamina in his stock, and he is entitled to claim that the resulting high quality of his eggs promotes successful and economical rearing of stock—in other words, avoidance of losses.

(To be concluded.)

## SHOOTING NOTES

### FOREIGN *versus* ENGLISH CARTRIDGES.

I HAVE noticed that the *Field* has been publishing a number of letters strongly praising various brands of Continental cartridges and, inferentially, condemning the Nobel Company for selling so much dearer. Credit for courage always redounds on these occasions to the newspaper, which thus proves its independence of the advertising element from which it draws so large a part of its sustenance; but myself I always preferred a considered statement of the case, simply because I know so much about the trade and have witnessed the damage to all parties concerned which results from these uninstructed attacks on people who are doing their best—in face, maybe, of a situation of unprecedented difficulty. At the base of the question is the purely political issue, whether it pays us best as a nation to supply our own requirements or to obtain commodities from elsewhere at a lower price. Treating this as forbidden territory of discussion we can still admit that the present exchange ratios make it more economical to the individual to employ French, Belgian or German artisans than British—the unemployed problem being presumably for the nation at large to solve. Speaking frankly, I do not see how under present conditions home-made cartridges can be supplied at lower prices than those current. We are all familiar in our several spheres with the increased cost of labour and materials. Those who hold a representative assortment of industrial investments have seen their capital shrink to attenuated dimensions, and there is yet to be revealed the results of this year's disastrous trading. The inference is that industry as a whole is not earning profits. Practically every producer has lowered selling prices beyond the limit justified by cost of production, this to keep his organisation intact in the hope of better times arriving. Meanwhile, anxiety as to the future is stifled on the principle of "Sufficient unto the day." Whether in the end the consumer is better served by transferring his patronage abroad is very doubtful, since the process of underselling in a market it is hoped to capture is but a temporary expedient. Before the war you could be fairly safe in assuming that Great Britain was one of the cheapest manufacturing centres in the world for any class of goods which make a call on the deftness and intelligence of the workers, therefore the cheaper supplies offered from abroad should be regarded with some degree of suspicion. That reputation is not so well founded to-day, but there are signs of regeneration. Sporting cartridges should on technical grounds be made in the country where they are produced. They are peculiarly dependent on climatic influences, the extremes of violence on one side and impotence on the other leaving but a narrow efficiency track between. There is, moreover, the fact that no country has done so much as ours to pioneer the smokeless sporting cartridge as we know it to-day. Therefore, we may credit ourselves with supreme knowledge as to the means of attaining perfection. Is everything to go by the board because things in general are at the moment in rather a muddled state?

### HIGH TIDES AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON WILDFOWL.

The enormous tide which recently deluged the East Coast is but a passing newspaper sensation for those who lie out of reach of such troubles, though for dwellers near the flat country affected it is a landmark in local history. Such a tide produces a trickle over a neglected piece of sea wall, whose parched and riven substance gives way; a sluice is formed and hundreds of acres are flooded. Some valiant local hero may organise a relief party, they sink a barge in the breach, pile it around with added mud and the devastation is stayed. Leave it a tide or two longer and the breach is cut by the outflow to the depth of a house. So an area known as a marsh becomes one in reality, being ever after dedicated as a feeding ground and sanctuary for wildfowl. The utilitarian instinct within us deplores the loss of so much valuable grazing land; the naturalist element thanks heaven for one more cancellation of the inexorable system of reclamation which has curtailed wild bird life in this country. Once when I was tenant of a most attractive piece of

snipe marsh the sea came in and converted some 300 acres into a wide expanse of inland lake. Twice daily the roar of the outflowing flood could be heard for miles. Most of the loss was recovered by ordinary means, but a fine stretch of marsh had to be abandoned. Then came along an historic unemployment scheme, and this thirty or more acres were recovered at a phenomenal cost, due in the main to novice direction. Finally, Lord Rayleigh bought back for a small sum his formerly lost acres, and so this particular back-to-the-land scheme died. One of my then dry marshes is to-day a piece of saltings, a feast for the nature lover's eye, but always an agricultural eyesore. One owner of a neighbouring estate told me that the upkeep of the walls cost him exactly the fair rental value of the land, so that his acquisition of the freehold was somewhat of a farce. His neighbours, unfed by town-made money, had let theirs go, so here again are plentiful sanctuaries. Just what is the origin of our considerable area of reclaimed land I have never been able to ascertain, but certain it is that tens of thousands of acres which were formerly covered by the sea knew a long interval in the state of smiling corn land, but have reverted to dreary wastes. This, be it understood, in areas of deposition. Did William of Orange inaugurate this extensive reclamation, and why has supine government permitted the stitch-in-time policy to be disregarded? The Rye Marshes system should everywhere supplant the ordinary one by which the frontage owner is optionally responsible for the upkeep of his walls.

### BEAR SHOOTING IN RUMANIA.

The accompanying illustration showing some of the bag after a day's bear shooting in Rumania will stimulate curiosity as to



A BAG OF BEARS.

the conditions under which so striking a display was possible. The bears are set out for the photographer before the Castle of Marosvécs, one of the oldest in Transylvania and since 1918 included in Rumania. Its adjacent village Maros-Veés is now named Brancovanesti. The present owner is Baron Akos Kemény, whose ancestor inherited it from Prince Rákóczy (George I) in 1645. The domain comprises an agricultural estate of 2,500 acres, together with forests of oak, beech and fir covering 64 square miles. In these forests are plenty of mountain cocks, boars, deer, stags, wolves, lynxes and bears. Just over a year ago the shoot here recorded took place. It comprised two battues, the first yielding eleven bears and the second four, making a total of fifteen for the day. Four fell to Count Géra Teleki, three to Mr. John D. Paton, who rented the shoot for a number of years, one to Mr. Charles Goodwin, British Consul at Cluj (formerly Kolozsvár), other members of the party, which totalled twelve, either getting a bear each or scoring a blank, according as the luck of their position decided. In the next battue the heaviest bear killed was a male weighing 210 kilos (33st.), the next largest, another male, weighing 180 kilos (16st.), the rest averaging around 16st. The proportion of sexes was three males to eight females, and the total shots fired for the eleven bagged forty.

MAX BAKER.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

## BURDETT-COUTTS ESTATES FOR SALE

**A**PPROXIMATELY £24,000 has been realised by the sale of 540 acres of the remaining sections of the Grenehurst and Vann Park estate, at Ockley and Capel, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The property, of about 1,000 acres, was for years occupied by the late Mr. James Hawke Dennis. Half the estate was sold last year to Major Philip Hunloke, the remainder, about 540 acres, being purchased by Mr. Henry Green, and 475 acres of the latter portion were scheduled for auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Dorking and sold. Vann Farm with the Birches, about 210 acres, has been secured by Mr. J. Keele for his own occupation, and the Knoll and Holbrooks portions have been purchased privately for development.

Captain G. G. Walker has decided to dispose of the sporting estate of Crawfordton in the county of Dumfries, and has placed it in the hands of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley for sale next spring. The estate, which is close to Moniaive and fifteen miles from Dumfries, extends to nearly 4,000 acres, including about 1,200 acres of grouse land, and includes Crawfordton House and the secondary residences, Jarbruck and Hunter's Lodge. The farms, which are eight in number, include grazing and dairy holdings, and the estate affords grouse and low ground shooting and fishing in the trout loch and in the River Cairn.

The trustees of the will of the late George Bulloch of Kinloch have, in consequence of the death of Mrs. George Bulloch, instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer for sale by auction on an early date the residential and sporting estate of Kinloch, Dunkeld, Perthshire. The property comprises a mansion with modern equipments, and about 6,000 acres, three agricultural holdings, and some of the best grouse ground in the county.

## SALE OF RATTON.

**THE** Eastbourne estate, Ratton, reserved at £34,500, has been sold since the auction by Messrs. Collins and Collins. The modern mansion and 541 acres, as described in these columns (October 22nd last, page 528) are comprised in the sale. Formerly the residence of Lord and Lady Willington, Ratton is near the Eastbourne Corporation Park and the Willington and Royal Eastbourne Golf Links, and handy for hunting with the West Sussex Hounds.

Sir Eustace Fiennes has sold his Studland, Dorset, house in view of his residence out of England as Governor of the Leeward Islands.

One of the best known seats in the New Forest, Boldre Grange, between Brockenhurst and Lymington, has been sold by Messrs. Dibblin and Smith since the auction. It comprises a reproduction of an Elizabethan manor house, built from the designs of the late Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., standing in a park of 208 acres commanding views over the Solent to the Isle of Wight. The price quoted before the auction was £25,000.

A house in Sussex known as The Hill House, Haywards Heath, has been sold by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock in conjunction with Messrs. Thornton and Co. The residence is a wonderfully preserved specimen of black-and-white architecture, dating from 1560.

Hannington Hall, near Swindon, an early Jacobean house, was sold on Monday last for £20,000 to Mr. C. B. Fry of Bristol, by Messrs. Tilley, Culverwell and Parrott and Messrs. Lofts and Warner.

## HILSTON PARK.

**H**AVING sold the mansion and 1,050 acres of the Hilston Park estate, Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. submitted the remaining portions of the property to auction at Monmouth. They previously negotiated with the tenants, and disposed of about 66 per cent. of the holdings privately to them. The full particulars as presented at the auction embraced fifty-five lots, and the firm has now sold about fifty of them, in one way or another, and the enquiries respecting the half dozen unsold lots point to the probability of an early clearance of the entire list. The aggregate purchase money amounts to more than £55,000.

Hilston Park is one of the many mansions which underwent enlargement in order to do honour to a visiting sovereign, but George IV, for whom the work was done, was never able

to fulfil his promise to go there. In the year 1838 the mansion was destroyed by fire, and the present mansion, with its massive pillars in front, was built. An air of antiquity was given to parts of its interior by the transfer to it of old panelling from another house, known as Lowch Duffryn.

In the seventeenth century the Needhams held Hilston Park, and thence onwards, until its purchase in 1803 by Sir William Pilkington. He sold it to Sir Robert Brownrigg, a noted general in the Peninsular War. As a sporting property Hilston, with six miles of fishing in the Monnow, is one of the best on the border, and it has a large area of coverts. One of the houses comprised in the remaining portions of the estate is Lower Dyffryn, an E-shaped Early Tudor house of stone, with a slate roof. The west front has three gables, the centre one with projecting chimney-breasts and ornamental stone chimneys bearing the date 1506.

## ST. DONAT'S CASTLE.

**A**NOTHER important estate in the hands of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., for immediate disposal, is St. Donat's Castle, the majestic stronghold in Glamorganshire. It was the subject of illustrated articles in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. xxii, pages 270 and 306). It has a very fine gatehouse in part anterior to the time of Edward I. St. Donat's in that reign passed by marriage to Sir Peter Stradling, who also became in that way owner of a Somersetshire estate. While voyaging from the latter to St. Donat's a later Stradling, Sir Harry, had the misfortune to be captured by Colyn, a Breton pirate, who exacted a ransom so large that it necessitated the sale of manors in three counties. The sum needed was 2,000 marks—not in modern German currency. Thereafter the ransomed lord of St. Donat's built the watch tower on the glen opposite the castle, and the pirate, mistaking that tower for another, ran ashore, and was captured and hanged with all his crew.

The Stradlings, invariably very prudent in marriage, were always amply supplied with funds, and one of them was able to rebuild the castle, giving it the fifteenth century character which is still its most interesting quality. Later work is mainly a matter of exterior detail or internal decoration, rather than radical additions to or replacements of the main fabric. This pile of mediæval buildings has a remarkable archaeological and æsthetic value. An immense amount of appropriate restoration was carried out by Mr. Morgan Williams of Aberpergwm after he bought the property, and he placed a great quantity of genuine sixteenth century furniture in the castle.

## HOLLY LODGE, HIGHGATE.

**HOLLY LODGE**, the extensive and beautifully wooded estate of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts at Highgate, is now in the market, and the remaining contents of the house and the property in the Brookfield Stud, including the State coach and other carriages, are to be sold shortly by Messrs. Prickett and Ellis. The estate of 60 acres came under the hammer of Mr. Joseph Stower in 1907, when it was withdrawn at £205,000. It was originally the home of Thomas Coutts the banker, then of Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans, his widow, the ninth Duke of St. Albans, and ultimately of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and, until his death recently, of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P. The experience, which we enjoyed on more than one occasion, of going about Holly Lodge with the late proprietor was a thing to be remembered with pleasure, for every step seemed to be taken with veneration for the memory of the Baroness, and all the associations, including those not of a personal character, were explained with eloquence and charm.

Just as the neighbouring Kenwood has an unmatched avenue of elms, so Holly Lodge boasts a chestnut terrace which is the glory of the northern suburbs. It is not generally known that Holly Lodge lands were formerly cut in two by a public footpath. The rights were extinguished nearly a quarter of a century since by the exchange of land for the improvement of Swains Lane which skirts the London boundary of the estate, and it is now all within a ring fence. From one part, called "Traitors' Hill," Guy Fawkes'

fellow conspirators watched to see the Houses of Parliament blown into the air. Instead of that awesome spectacle they soon perceived cavalry galloping across the open country from Westminster, proving that the plot had failed. They mounted their horses in the little grove which then as now covered the summit of the knoll and fled north to Hatfield, London is visible from Traitors' Hill, and the Surrey hills forty miles away. The Piccadilly property—two mansions—and an extensive estate in the East End, are also to be sold. Mr. Joseph Stower is the agent.

## SALES OF GLEBE.

**I**N round figures, 326,000 acres of glebe land have been sold since 1887. That year is mentioned as the period when an official return was compiled of the glebe of 9,500 livings and the total acreage was stated as 660,000 acres. In his presidential address to the Surveyors' Institution this week Mr. Joseph Henry Sabin (Smiths, Gore and Co.) stated that the gross estimated rental value of the aggregate acreage was £908,000 a year, and the net did not exceed £700,000. The average price realised for the land in the earlier years, when the purchasers were usually patrons or adjoining owners, might be put at £45 an acre. Later the average fell to about £40 an acre. The grand total of the purchase money might fairly be computed at from £12,000,000 to £13,000,000. With an average return of 4 per cent. this would represent an income to the incumbents concerned of over half a million sterling.

In view of the many transactions in glebe land which have been announced and recorded in COUNTRY LIFE in the last three years the following table is of permanent interest:

Year.	Acres sold.	Price.	Per acre.
1880—1914 ..	42,081	1,989,817	£ 48
1915 ..	2,128	73,721	34
1916 ..	2,260	88,299	30
1917 ..	2,568	84,013	32
1918 ..	13,190	425,939	32
1919 ..	23,460	897,700	29
1920 ..	25,953	858,213	33
1921 (6 months)	5,749	214,070	37

The total sales thus shown amount to 117,379 acres for £4,391,772, and the average price per acre, taking into account odd shillings not shown in the table, is £37 4s. an acre.

## "BREAK-UP" SALES.

**D**EALING with the general question of the break up of landed estate Mr. Sabin, whose special authority on the question of glebe land gives a high value to his observations just quoted, added that "It is to be feared that where purchases have been made in self-defence at high prices and with borrowed money there are anxious times before a large number of now occupying owners. That the opportunity of selling at high prices was seized is certainly to the good in the case of a certain class of owners, but the necessity of selling in other personal cases in order to meet charges, pay estate duty, or reduce the expenses in consequence of increasing taxes and cost of living is, in my individual opinion, greatly to be regretted. . . . One cannot but view with concern the possibility of a recurrence of disaster in cases where the new men have bought imprudently."

## SURREY OFFERS AND RUMOURS.

**A** MERELY nominal price will be accepted for Eastwick Park, Great Bookham, the Georgian mansion shown in the Supplement to COUNTRY LIFE, November 5th, page xi. The mansion, in excellent order, stands in the midst of a typical old English park of about 75 acres, and is well placed for the best golfing in Surrey. A walled kitchen garden is one of the features of the grounds. Messrs. Curtis and Henson are the agents.

Enquiries reveal that there is no foundation for the report, circulated very widely a few days ago, that Mr. Lloyd George has bought about 60 acres of land in Surrey from Lord Ashcombe, the Lord Lieutenant of Surrey. A large acreage was recently dealt with by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley on behalf of his lordship, but neither at the auction nor afterwards was any contract entered into on behalf of Mr. Lloyd George. ARBITER.